

Mrs. M. J. Bowen 9-4

JULY,

1863.

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# HOME ARTHURS MAGAZINE

EDITED BY

T. S. ARTHUR & VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND



Vol. •XIII.

No. 1

T. S. ARTHUR & CO.,  
323 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

TERMS: \$2 a Year, in advance. Four copies for one year, \$5.

AP2 A73

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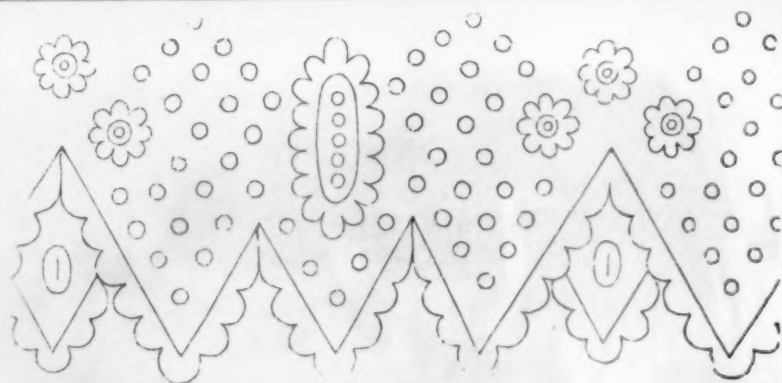


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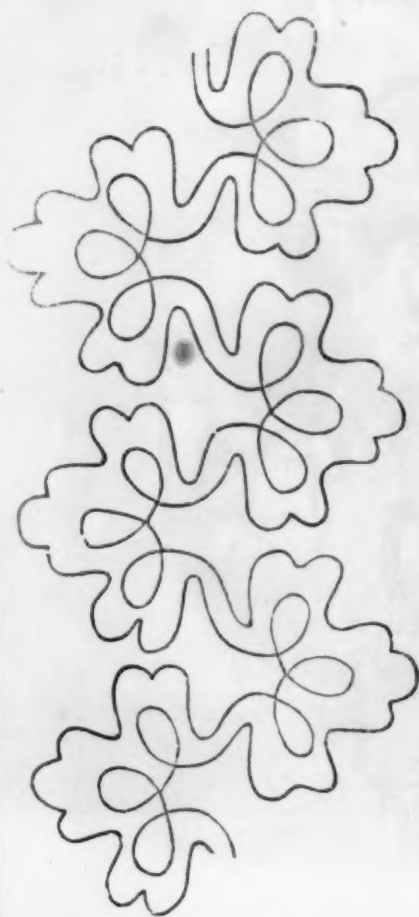


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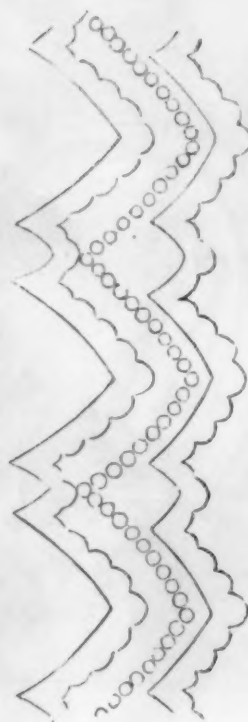
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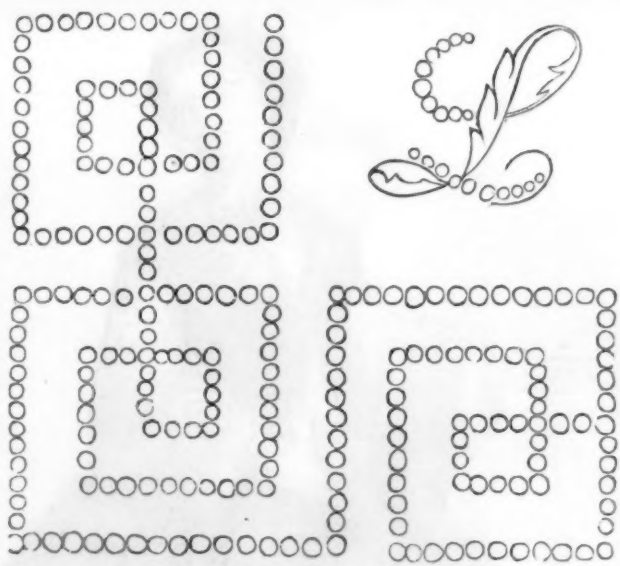
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BRAIDING PATTERN.



FOR A CHILD'S SKIRT.



CORNER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



BLACK SILK MANTLE.

FOR A CHILD'S SKIRT.





DRESS

Of Light Silk, with deep trimming of box-plaited ribbon of a dark shade, sewed on slanting.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

nting.



NEEDLEWORK PATTERN.



FRONT VIEW.

BACK VIEW.

DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

The edges of the dress are cut in scallops, and bordered with a black and white braid. Underneath the scallops is sewed a plaited ruffle of blue silk, which has a charming effect. The high waist is of blue silk, finished at the throat with a silk ruching edged with black and white braid. The pockets are trimmed with blue silk and braid.

# ARTHUR'S

## Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1863.

### Beside the Waters.

BY MINNIE W. MAY.

#### CHAPTER I.

"But Ellen—"

"No, Willard, I will not hear you. Only think now, if it was me."

The young wife placed one white hand playfully over her husband's mouth, but though her manner was sportive, there were tears in the deep, dark eyes, and her face looked sad and thoughtful.

"Here is our dear home, all our own; your practice is daily increasing; surely we do not need Rock Cottage, and did we need it, would it not be worth while to sacrifice a little for the comfort of Mrs. James and her fatherless children? It cost us nothing, you know, thanks to your kind old uncle; and now, Willard, will you not make out the deed at once, and so remove the great burden from Mrs. James's mind? I will work, oh, so hard to help you, if you only will."

"I know, darling, you will do all you can, and I love you all the more for this kindness of heart, but we are not really able to give so much. I am ready at any moment to pay back the five hundred dollars Mr. James had paid towards the cottage, and she shall remain there, till some way opens to provide for herself and children. It is hard, Ellen, I know, but we have only our hands, and if anything should happen this house will not support us."

"You talk, Willie, as if it was just the easiest thing in the world for Mrs. James to find employment in which she could earn a

livelihood, but she is very frail, and those three poor little children, the eldest hardly seven. Ah, Willard, five hundred dollars will go but a little ways. But, with the house and garden secure, I dare say she will be able to support herself very comfortably. At what do you value the cottage?"

"Fifteen hundred, James was to pay. One thousand dollars is a great deal to give away, outright."

"But is it not a great deal more for a poor widow to leave the home where so many years of her happy married life have been spent, and go out into the world alone? Now you are going to consent, I see it in your eyes. That is a dear, good husband. I shall love you all the better, and surely God will not forget your work and labor of love."

Looking into Mrs. Haven's face at that moment, you would have forgotten the irregular features, the pale, thin cheeks, that had neither bloom nor fairness in them, for her heart, always gushing out in kind words and deeds, left its impress upon her face, and it was sweet and pure, notwithstanding its plainness. It was hard for the husband to refuse her any request, much less when his own conscience was strongly urging the act, and as he kissed the uplifted face, and smiled fondly back into the loving eyes, he answered—

"Well, Ellen, I will make out the deed at once, and you shall ride over to the cottage with me, this evening, and I will tell Mrs. James it is you who must receive all the thanks, for it is your gentle pleading that has won me."

There was no lack of firmness, however, in

the physiognomy of the young lawyer. He was a noble, true man, one always determined in the cause of right, and as equally determined against injustice in every form. Strong, self-reliant, he was eminently calculated to take a high place in his chosen profession.

He was just such a man as Ellen Haven, with her gentle, vine-like nature, needed for a support and shelter, and for nearly two years he had been the pillar upon which she had leaned; two years, with scarce a frown upon the face of their wedded life. The home in which they had commenced their lives together, had been the first fruits of the young man's industry and economy; Rock Cottage having fallen to his portion in the will of a relative, before he had fairly attained his majority. It was a humble spot, but two fond hearts had commenced life together there, with just such bright hopes and joyful anticipations, as now hovered about the beautiful home of the young lawyer. The young mechanic had laid by enough to pay one-third the cost of the cottage, and furnish it neatly, and with health and strength to labor, he hoped at the end of five years to meet all the payments, take up the mortgage, and call it proudly his own. And with their young, strong hearts, life presented as many charms, and upon the hill-top of their aspirations the sun shone as brightly, and the air was as sweet and balmy, as upon those far-off mountains, upon whose summits men of greater wealth and influence raise their standard.

At the end of the first year everything seemed prosperous, but hardly a week before the first payment became due, his small shop, containing the implements of his trade, was burned to ashes. It was a heavy blow to the hopeful young spirits, but Mr. Haven kindly released him from the first payment till the ensuing year, and with a little less ambition than at first, he set about repairing his loss. But misfortune seemed to lie directly across his path. Before the close of the second year he had been crippled by a severe accident, and confined to his bed for many weeks. This had made such fearful inroads upon his health, that much of his time he was unable to labor, and with crushed hopes and spirits he had lingered on for the next five years, earning barely enough to support his little family; and then he had dropped down the burden of toil, care, and anxiety, and gone to rest. It had been four weeks, and Mrs. James had sent word that she was ready to vacate the cottage, and asked in such a sorrowful, pleading way,

that Mr. Haven would, in kindness to her desolate condition, consider the sum already paid equivalent to the rent; and begged, if any way in which she could provide for herself and little ones, so that they might not be separated, should come to his knowledge, he would not forget her. Ellen wept bitterly over the heart-broken note, that was already blistered with tears, and then, out of the kindness of her nature, sprang up the pure and holy impulse, which, with unwavering firmness, she urged upon her husband's consideration.

He had promised, and now there were smiles instead of tears, and merry bursts of laughter broke over her sweet lips as she leaned over her husband's shoulder, and watched his swift pen filling out the long blank that was to carry such relief and joy to deserving hearts.

"And will you sign away all claim to Rock Cottage, my little Ellie. Think well before you answer. The money would buy you a great many delightful things, for which I hear you wish occasionally."

Mr. Haven placed the deed before his wife, and the pen in her slender fingers.

"It will purchase something for poor Mrs. James, that I am overflowing with, Willard, and that is, happiness. But where shall I write it. I never got on farther in a deed than 'know all men by these presents,' for all my husband is a lawyer."

"Right beneath my name, Ellen. There are Rogers and Weston coming up the street, just in the right time. I will ask them in to witness the instrument."

Ellen traced her name, daintily, beneath the bold characters of her husband, and as she laid down the pen, she brought her hands together, exclaiming gleefully—

"There! I never did so much good with my name before, in all my life. I am so glad Willard has done this."

"Then you acknowledge this to be your signature, Mrs. Haven?" asked the young man, who had entered the room at the call of his friend. "You have done what few persons would have done Willard, my friend, but I honor you for it; you will not lose your reward."

Rock Cottage looked very desolate to the little group who occupied the humble sitting-room that summer evening, with only the stars of heaven lighting up the dreary room. It was a neat, cheerful little spot outwardly, for all it was so small; just at the foot of the high



bluff, that kept off the chill north winds, with its nicely kept garden running around it, the front filled with trees and shrubs, and a few choice flowers, that the hand of Mrs. James had stolen time to cultivate; the kitchen garden at the back, where was growing sufficient to support the little family through many months of the year, could they only call it their own. The piazza was latticed, and vines crept over it, making a cool, refreshing shade from the summer sun; and in the evening, the moonlight twinkled in among the leaves, and lay in broken shadows along the narrow floor. Mrs. James sat in a low chair by the window, with one little one in her lap and another nestled down by her side, while with her foot she touched the wicker cradle, to hush the youngest, the little Alice, over whose sunny head but two brief summers had come and gone, into slumber.

To a casual observer it might have been a sweet home-picture, but there was another wanting to complete the charm, and Mrs. James felt this keenly, bitterly. But there was another thought lying with leaden weight upon her heart that evening, as she held her treasures close to her, and listened to their soft, healthful breathing, that in the silence fell upon her ear. They must go out from the home that had sheltered their innocent heads. But whither? How many times had she asked herself the bitter question, and shuddered as the painful answer presented itself to her mind. How could she bear separation from those little buds of promise that were unfolding new beauties day by day, and gaining deeper hold upon her affections, as they came to her with childish words of comfort. She had received offers from people with kind hearts to receive them into their families, one here and another there, but they did not know with what a pang she listened to their kind words, and yet she felt it must be so. There was nothing but the small stock of furniture left, and much of that had been sold to procure necessities for her sick husband; and with her feeble hands it would be impossible to keep them together, and gradually she was trying to bring herself to realize the agonizing truth. Homeless. Alas! that all over this bright, beautiful earth, dotted with its palaces and costly mansions, of so many aching hearts this painful truth should be written.

We look wonderingly upon this mystery in God's Providence; we see the most deserving, to our narrow vision, the humble, devoted followers of His Son left to perish in the dark

corners of His earth, while the wicked, the vile, and the ungodly stand in high places, and a little feeling of inquiet would sometimes creep stealthily into Mrs. James's heart at this thought; but she tried to keep her faith bright and unwavering, relying upon those precious promises of that glorious hereafter, where everything would be made plain. How she longed to take the little flock in her arms and carry them safely to the bosom of the good shepherd, and know that they were forever safe.

"Are you crying, mother?" One little hand run itself over Mrs. James's cheek, brushing away the tears that were falling silently over it. "Don't mamma. You see that pretty bright star, looking right in upon us? Well, papa's beyond that ever so far, and he don't have to cough and shiver, and be tired and sick any more. He told me, one night when you was in the garden, that he wouldn't when he got up there. And I am your little man, aint I, mother? You know I shall soon be big enough to take care of you—me and Fred. Now wont you light the lamp just a few minutes, so I can see your face. It is so dark here."

"Well, you rock little sister." Mrs. James patted the curly head of her childish comforter, as she arose to light the lamp in which the oil was burned low. Its rays reached every corner of the room, and the poor woman glanced about the familiar apartment with a sigh of anguish. At that moment a carriage paused before the gate, and a gentleman and lady came slowly up the walk.

"It is Mr. Haven, isn't it, mother, and we will have to go?" Mrs. James's heart sunk lower than ever, and it was with difficulty she could command her voice sufficiently to receive her guests. But Mrs. Haven chatted on in her pleasant, soothing way, and Mr. Haven's voice and manner were so full of kindness, a half hour passed before she could bring herself back to the cold, stern reality. At length the gentleman rose to depart, without a word relating to the cottage having passed between them. Mrs. James moved quickly to his side, and laying her hand upon his arm, said, in a broken voice—

"Mr. Haven, I am ready to go."

"Mrs. James, Rock Cottage is yours, your heirs and assigns forever, and here is the deed signed, sealed and delivered," placing the document in her hand, "and if you stand in need of friends, be assured you will ever find them in Mrs. Haven and myself." The young

widow raised her pale face to his with a look of blank amazement.

"No, no, Mr. Haven, you have not done this. Indeed I cannot take it. I can never hope to pay you."

"Nor do I expect or wish you to do so; but you must accept it, and believe me when I tell you I was never so well satisfied with an evening's work in my life. But do not thank me, it is all owing to my dear little mentor here," looking tenderly upon his companion, who stood with tears dimming her dark eyes, and upon her heart the low words of Mrs. James fell like a solemn benediction, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Mrs. James went back to the sitting-room, and opening the deed ran her eyes over its contents, and falling upon her knees, she buried her face in her hands. Not a word escaped her lips, but that silent prayer of thanksgiving just as surely reached the throne of the Most High.

"Mamma, mamma, what is it?" pleaded the eldest boy, lifting the bowed head in his hands, and gazing into her flushed face with an eager, frightened look. She caught him in her arms, and kissed him almost wildly. She lifted the sleeping child from its cradle, and strained it closely to her breast.

"Oh, it is life, and joy, and peace, my sweet children—you are mine yet, and now we shall never be separated."

#### CHAPTER II.

"I do not see any way—indeed I do not."

"Well, mother, if you tell me so, I must try and give it up, that is all."

The sorry tones of the speaker would have told you at once he was disappointed in the cherished hope of his heart, his words were so full of half-concealed regret. His was a young, hopeful face, upon which not more than nineteen years had written their impress—a little pale and delicate, as if its owner was hardly strong enough to cope with the storms and trials of a troublous world. It bore a striking resemblance to the thoughtful face at his side, and the sorrowful look that lay upon the one was reflected by the other, for the mother love was strong in the lady's heart, and it had caused her a severe mental struggle to give the discouraging answer to her son's eager, hopeful question. It was a cheerful room in which the two were conversing in a subdued whisper, and everything about the neat house and grounds bespoke the taste and refinement

of its owner. The sunshine stretched itself out upon the carpet, and lighted up the walls and the plain, substantial furniture, and at length crept around to the white draped bed, upon which reclined a man still in the prime of life. His eyes were closed, but the varying expression upon his face told that he was not sleeping. He was a noble-looking man, though sickness had paled his cheek, and mingled silver threads with the dark brown hair that lay upon the pillow. For all the years had dealt hardly with him, they had not stolen the kind, generous expression which had once characterized the face of the young lawyer, Willard Haven. It had been five years since the fatal stroke had fallen upon him, rendering him nearly helpless, and, though he had been ambitious almost to a fault, and his course thus far had been a continued season of success, he bore his reverses with a degree of fortitude that was sometimes surprising, even to himself. While he had been thus prosperous, he had not given a thought to dark hours that might open in his future, but moved on in a sense of security, living just within his income, as is too frequently the case, and so when sickness or death smites down the head, the family are left destitute, when a little provident forethought would have enabled them to continue on in ease and comfort. The blow had fallen suddenly. Mr. Haven had been employed upon a case requiring all his energies, and he had toiled early and late, giving the subject his undivided attention, till brain and nerve were stretched to their utmost tension. But the evidence was so strongly against his client, all his efforts to bring the aggressor to justice proved unavailing, and when the trial was over, his overtaxed frame gave way, and during the severe sickness that followed, his limbs became paralyzed. But though his bright career was thus early brought to a close, and years of helplessness might be appointed him, his life was spared, and with hearts full of thankfulness the little family remembered this, and no murmuring word ever passed their lips.

Mrs. Haven was illy fitted for this trial. It was hard to rouse her timid, dependent nature into the active exertion that became necessary, and it was not till the way before her began to look dark, that she brought herself to realize that upon her energy and strength now depended the support of the family. They had several years before removed from the pleasant spot where their early married life had been spent, and purchased a home near

the thriving metropolis, where Mr. Haven's success seemed so secure. This remained to them, with its neat, tasteful furniture, and that was all. The long illness had taken everything else, and Mrs. Haven often glanced a little fearfully into the future. The eldest son at once sought a clerkship in the adjoining city, and his small salary, joined with what Mrs. Haven received from a small class of pupils in music and drawing, enabled them, with the use of the most rigid economy, to live quite comfortably.

But the heart of Charles Haven was not in his work. It was mere drudgery to him, and as the years passed it grew more and more distasteful. He had been nearly fitted for college when the sad stroke had fallen upon his father, and it cost him many struggles to give up his cherished plan; but now that his brother and sister were growing older, his sister already taking his mother's place, a little hope sprang up in his heart, secretly cherished at first, but on this afternoon he had made it known to his mother, and the pale, sad little woman's heart ached to give the answer that was next to crushing out life itself from her dutiful, loving son. She could not sit and watch the disappointment that had gathered over the young face, without the tears coming in between it, and so she arose softly and went up to her son's chamber, and kneeling down by his bed she poured out her full soul in prayer to God for help in this dark hour of trial.

"Charles, dear boy, come here." Mr. Haven's voice had lost its deep, full tones, and there was a perceptible quiver in it as he addressed the young man, who sat with his head leaning upon his hand, and his eyes fixed vacantly upon something outside the window, which it was quite evident he did not see. His father had been watching him intently for some minutes, and he knew it was no ordinary sorrow that had clouded the youthful brow.

Charles drew a seat to the bedside, and clasped the thin hand that was outstretched to him, closely in his own.

"My son, something is troubling you—will you not tell your father? I cannot bear that you should keep all the trials and perplexities that come upon you from me. It is through kindness to my helpless condition, I know; but perhaps I could sometimes help you."

"It is nothing, father, believe me, but just a little waywardness of mine that has caused me momentary pain."

The searching eyes looked beyond the quiet

exterior which Charles assumed to hide the deep feeling, and he said, as he turned his head upon the pillow—

"Then you will not confide in your father?"

"Why yes, father, I tell you everything that is worth hearing; but this—it will hardly be right—I wish I had not said anything to mother. I only got a little dissatisfied with my present life, and longed to go back to my books. I may as well tell you how it happened, but do not let it trouble you in the least, for I shall soon get over it. You see Mr. Farrar has taken quite a fancy to your boy, thinks he is a genius most decidedly, calculated to take a high place in the professional world, like his father before him. I have conversed with him occasionally, and he knows my present occupation is not wholly congenial, how much I love study, and what your early plans were in regard to my education. He has kindly offered me a situation where I could nearly pay my expenses in college for the first and second years, and he is confident with a few weeks' study I could be ready for examination, and then he is pleased to picture a brilliant future for me. I must own to feeling a little elated with the prospect at first, but now I think it all over I see it is quite impossible. Mother is too slender to take upon her so much care, and Fanny is already doing all her strength will allow. Upon Carroll will depend the real work; he is just as you were, I know, strong and wide awake, while Fanny and I are more like our mother. But it will not do to take him out of school yet. I am sure we have everything, father; I do not complain."

"No, my son, you have been a faithful child, and I pray God that some way may open to you, though I cannot now give you any real hope. Oh, this poor, helpless arm—it is hard, hard!"

"Now, father, if you go to talking in that discouraged way, I will never tell you my secrets again. We have you still with us to counsel and comfort us, and the way is opening brighter, now that we are all getting old enough to help."

"Help, brother Charlie? What was that you were saying? I just caught your last word, but I am quite sure it is me that is the help!" and the young girl commenced smoothing out the bank bills she had crushed up in her hand, and strewing them down one by one upon the bed.

"There, father," she said, delightedly, as the last note fluttered down, and she stooped to kiss the white cheek, "I earned every cent of

that myself—thirty-five dollars. It cost me sometrial of temper and patience, but now that I am getting accustomed to dealing with so many different dispositions it will be very easy."

"*Help?*" echoed Carroll, who had bounded into the room at the moment his sister began to count her treasures—"you talk about helping—that is nothing to what I have done, for all I am such a little fellow."

He approached the bedside, carefully untying the corner of his pocket handkerchief, and the small silver coins that glistened in the little fat palm looked very large to his childish eyes.

"Stole it, did you, little boy?" asked his brother, mischievously, turning around and gazing full into the bright face.

"No, sir, earned it every cent this afternoon, doing errands. I am going every Wednesday and Saturday. You may have it, father. He took up his father's hand, and carefully depositing the money therein, closed the fingers over it.

"You are all *helps*, my dear children—one ought never to murmur with such blessings about him.

Charles went out of the room and out into the garden. He was not quite happy. There was a feeling of unrest in his heart that he would gladly have torn out, and as he walked up and down in the cool shadows of the trees, his disappointment swept over him again with cruel power.

"The dream is over," he said, half aloud—"I should have known better than to have indulged it for a moment; and so I must go back to my old place, and toil on, week after week, lifting and tugging, and weighing and measuring, that the veriest fool in christendom might do. It was the first thing that presented itself, and I was thankful enough for it then, but now the years stretch on in such unvarying monotony. I have not enough ambition in my employment to rise above a mere grocer's clerk. I believe I might make something if I could only have a chance, but as it is I shall sink into a mere cipher, and no one in the world be the better for my having been in it." The bitter waves rose higher and higher over the young man's soul, as he allowed his thoughts to sweep over the whole of his life experience.

And while he paced up and down the garden, two ladies passed up the walk. He saw that his sister opened the door to admit them, and that was all; his mind was too much pre-occupied to give them a passing thought.

Mrs. Haven came down from her son's chamber with a feeling of calm and holy peace. There was a striking resemblance in the two, into whose faces she gave an eager look as she entered the parlor. The one was just past the prime of life, and the other just entering the threshold of womanhood, with a face pure and fresh in its youthful beauty. The elder lady arose as Mrs. Haven entered, and held out her hand in a cordial way.

"Mrs. James," was all she said, but in a moment Mrs. Haven was back in Rock Cottage, and the pale, sad widow stood before, while the years that had passed by lay like a dream upon her.

"Is it possible?" burst involuntarily from her lips. "I am glad to look into your face once more, and see that the years have dealt kindly with you since last we met."

"Very kindly, Mrs. Haven, and it is all through your blessed instrumentality. My daughter, this is our sweet benefactress, whose name was almost the first you were taught to lip."

"Is this the little Alice who lay sleeping in the cradle on an evening we both remember, so many long years ago? Such remembrances make me feel very old."

Then a pleasant conversation sprang up between the ladies, and each told the other of the joys and sorrows that had fallen to their lot in the years that had come and gone. Mrs. James had been truly prospered. Her only brother had returned from an eastern voyage a wealthy man, and he had supplied her bountifully, while she could now look upon her sons, noble and enterprising in their early manhood, with a degree of pride that was not unfounded. They had both taken the right start in life, and were now doing a flourishing business in the city, near which Mr. Haven was residing; and it was by accident Mrs. James, while on a visit to them, learned the residence of her benefactor, for whom she had been upon the search for several years.

"My dear Mrs. Haven," she said, as she clasped her hand at parting, "the blessings that have resulted from your generous act you can never know here, but they are written beneath your name in the kingdom of Heaven. We have never ceased to pray for you, night and morning. Tell your good husband this, and how sorry I am for his affliction, and give him this token of my remembrance," and she placed a small sealed package in Mrs. Haven's hand. There were tears in the lady's eyes, but her countenance was radiant with joy, and as

Mrs. Haven closed the door upon her retreating form, she felt that she had not lived quite in vain.

She went quickly to her husband's apartment, and hastily breaking the seal, placed the contents before him. Mr. Haven glanced his eyes over it casually; then a cry of amazement broke from his lips. He looked it over again and again.

"Ellen, do you know what this means? It is an order on Blackstone Bank for nearly four thousand dollars. It must be a mistake some way."

"You remember Rock Cottage, husband? Truly we have not sown in vain, for even in this life we have received a two-fold reward. Charlie, dear boy—God be thanked that this way has opened so clearly for him. But Willard, I can hardly credit my senses after all—is it a reality?"

"Yes it is, dear wife—bless you for the kind thought that prompted our action. Had we retained Rock Cottage, it would now be worthless, or the money long ago spent; but here it is, principal and interest for the twenty-seven years. It once made Mrs. James comfortable and happy; and now, oh, what will it not be to us and our dear children? Truly, 'blessed are they that sow beside all waters.'"

There was a silent prayer of thanksgiving going up from the hearts of both parents, while Fanny stood holding the slip of paper in her hand, gazing upon it, as if trying to take in the real truth. At length a glad shout broke from her lips, and with a swift bound she was out of the room and down the garden walk, with her arms about her brother's neck.

"Oh, Charlie, my brother, no more days of toil for you, no more weary hours, with silent struggles for something higher, nobler, that will cry out within you—I know, for I have felt it so many times. Only look at this!" and she placed the mysterious order before his eyes.

"Why, it does not mean our father, Fanny?"

"But it does; sit right down here beneath this tree, and I will tell you all about it."

And the wind caught up the soft tones of Fanny's voice, and bore them to the young man's ear, as they sat under the cool shadows of the old maple that summer afternoon; and seldom do words carry with them such peace and joy as now filled the heart of Charles Haven. He could again indulge the old bright dream, and this time it did not fade away.

## To a Sister on her Bridal Day.

BY CORAL MAR.

We know

That God is good; and He hath led us on  
By pleasant ways and painful to this day;  
Our lives went on together until now.  
In childhood and in youth the same fond home  
Hath been our earthly refuge—the same Rock  
Our shelter, when *earth had no rest or shade*.  
At the same fancy we have often smiled,  
At the same sorrow wept; and oft our souls,  
In mingling aspirations, have sent up  
The same thanksgiving—the same burning prayer.

Yes, we have lived *together*; we have known  
The visible blending of the outward life  
Made real by the holier union  
Of loving spirit and aspiring mind.

The spells of joy have bound us, and of hope,  
And tears, which are the diamond links of love,  
Have made the chain of our affection strong.

It may be thus no more—yet God is good.  
I hush the moaning of my wounded heart,  
And smile that thou art happy, and give thanks  
That thy *sweet* life rejoicing, hath put on  
Its richest diadem, its crown of love.

May the kind Father grant that crown to be  
All worthy of the wearer—may His smile  
Lend brightness to it ever—and at last,  
When it is laid with earthly things away,

Oh, may the Infinite and Eternal Love  
Rest, like a glory, on thy radiant brow!

JANUARY, 1863.

## To a Friend.

BY E. A. KINGSBURY.

If I were the breath of a beautiful flower,  
That blossoms in bower or tree,  
I would visit thy home on breezes light,  
And fill it with fragrance for thee.

If I were the song of a wild forest bird,  
That carols on tree-top high,  
I would circle down and thrill thy soul  
With waves of sweet melody.

If I were the light of the brightest star,  
That beams in the azure of Heaven,  
I would flood thy being with peace and joy,  
As rich as the rose-tints of even.

The light, and the song, and the fragrance are thine,  
But they come from beyond the star;  
Pervading thy life, they will soon make it bright  
As the lives of the angels are.

The clouds that o'ershadow thy path are this,  
And as seasons and years pass away  
They will break into beautiful objects of light—  
Thou wilt bask in perennial day.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1863.



## Sarcasm vs. Heart.

BY F. L. SARMIENTO.

### I.

"Some of these days, Fanny, you will offend some one mortally with your reckless witticisms," said an aged lady to a young girl by her side.

"Pshaw, mamma!" was the laughing answer, "I'm not afraid," and with a saucy fling of the head the beautiful girl swept towards the door.

"Yes, but some time or other you will go too far," continued the lady, whom we must now call the mother, "and really I don't believe that Mr. Harland likes it one bit, for even now I fancy that he turns sadly, nay, almost angrily from you, when you have said something particularly cutting—even though he may smile for the moment at the wit of your remark."

Fanny had reached the door, but arrested by these last words she turned back, and reëntered the parlor, with a half angry flush upon her features.

"So Mr. Harland does not like it? Why does he laugh, then, at my sarcasm?"

"Simply because it is one's first impulse to do so, but a repentant shade instantly obliterates his smile, and I can assure you that he feels the cut of your wit fully as much as does your hapless victim."

"Yet I never direct my wit at him."

"Not in his presence, certainly."

"No, nor behind his back."

"Perhaps not, but is he assured of that? Men are always afraid of sarcastic women—especially men of Mr. Harland's peculiar temperament. Open to, and fearful, as he is, of ridicule. You may depend upon it, Fanny, it is not the way to secure either his esteem or affection."

"Pshaw, mamma, men are as fond of dashing, rattling women, as children are of noisy, glittering toys! Besides, who could help poking fun at that ridiculous N—— family, with its travelled conceit and eternal talk about Paris—or Par-*ie*, as they call the French capital?"

"Yes," continued the mother, still doubtfully, and dwelling upon the first part of her daughter's speech alone, "yes, men are fond of toys, but *as* toys. Do they ever do anything but play with them?"

It was spoken musingly, and there was no answer to the question, if question it could be called, for the handsome but pert Fanny had

swept out of the room—along the broad corridor and up the broad stairway, while at the same moment the loud signal went forth proclaiming it time to dress for dinner.

The scene was the parlor of one of our fashionable hotels. Mrs. Benton and her daughter were on a visit to the city to take leave of a near relative, who had lately received an appointment in the navy, and were accompanied by a Mr. Harland, a wealthy bachelor, and who Madam Rumer had already given out, was much attached to our witty but sarcastic friend—Fanny Benton.

Mrs. Benton was a widow. Relations she had none, except her daughter and the young man then about to enter the navy. With failing health, was it any wonder, knowing the unprotected state in which Fanny would be left, on the event of any accident to herself, that she should have a mother's desire to see her settled in life—with a kind husband to take care of her, to protect and guide her? She was therefore particularly anxious that her daughter's reckless sarcasm should not alienate a man like Mr. Harland, who was all her fond mother-heart could have wished for as the guardian of her daughter's happiness.

It was with a solemn shake of the head then that she viewed Fanny's light bound up the stairway, and she stood musingly, until the rattle of silver and the clash of dishes in the adjoining dining-room warned her that the meal would soon be served.

### II.

The table of the —— House was crowded as usual, and along each side of the long board were placed richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, as though *vis-a-vis* for some lively contredance.

Between Fanny and her mother sat Mr. Harland, a fine yet grave looking man of thirty-two or three years of age, while opposite sat the N—— family, of whom Fanny had spoken. This family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. N——, two wealthy but rather ordinary personages; young N——, an unmitigated fop and brainless fellow, and Miss Clara N——, a niece of the old couple—a retiring and sensitive girl.

They had just returned from a Continental tour, having staid but long enough in Paris and other grand European capitals to see all the charms and none of the evils thereof, and become inoculated with that vulgar distaste for one's own country that is sometimes visible in people who have been abroad for a short

period. This was not the case, however, with Clara, who was as true an American as ever, and who, although not a talented girl like Fanny Benton, was nevertheless keenly alive to the ridiculous phase in which her cousin exhibited her as well as himself. On this particular day, Fanny Benton was overflowing with sarcasm, and as her pointed arrows flew from side to side, few there, even while they smiled, but felt their keenness. Frank Heyward, her young relative, was there, in his handsome uniform; and encouraged and drawn out by his approving laughter and evident enjoyment, the clever girl was more dashing than ever in her remarks. Young N——, too, was as foolish as usual, and found nothing at table to suit his taste so well as the dishes to be had at the *Trois Frères*, or "Troy Fray-er," as he pronounced it. The difference between a Parisian dinner and a Philadelphia one was then loudly discussed, and "Par-ie" repeated at every word. The absurdity had really gone to extremes, when Fanny, turning towards the laughing navy officer, exclaimed aloud—

"Well, Frank, we must acknowledge that the proprietors of this Hotel are very careful to provide us with amusement, for the last time we were here, if you remember, they had some Choctaw Indians, on their way to Washington, and now they have 'a travelled family!'"

The cutting, sarcastic tones vibrated like a thunder-peal in the hearts of all present, but they failed to provoke a laugh, for all eyes were turned upon the gentle face of Clara N——, which from a deep scarlet had become deathly pale, while a tear, wrung forth by the cruel words, could be seen just glistening upon her cheek.

Fanny, surprised at the sudden stillness, turned towards Mr. Harland, but his eyes too were fixed upon the pale face opposite, and when he did turn his glance towards her it was with a look of pain and indignation.

Several days after this a party of ladies and gentlemen were assembled in the drawing-room of the Hotel, chatting and laughing as people are apt to do after a good dinner. Fanny, as usual, had been relating "something uncommonly good," tinged and heightened, as usual, with her unfortunate, sarcastic humor. In Mrs. N——, a woman, it must be acknowledged, of limited education, she had discovered with her usual lively fancy the original Mrs. Partington. True, a Mrs. Partington who had travelled, but still the original

of that curious old lady, whose "pizarro" on top of her house and "turpentine" walks in her garden have become famous.

"Did she really say that?" asked one of the assembled company. "Ha! ha! ha! I declare, it's the joke of the season!"

"What is the joke of the season?" inquired Mr. Harland, who had just joined the party, and heard but the concluding words of the last speaker.

"What is the joke of the season?"

"Why, Miss Benton has detected old Mrs. N—— in another Partingtonism; she says, 'of all kinds of shell-fish she likes eggs the best!' Did you ever hear anything better than that?"

"I cannot conceive of Mrs. N—— saying such a thing," returned Mr. Harland, gravely.

"Nor did she. Don't you see, it is only some of Miss Fanny's fun. But it's a capital joke, isn't it?"

"Yes, but is it exactly truthful in Miss Fanny, to charge Mrs. N—— with having committed such an absurdity—not to speak of the unkindness of making a 'butt' of an old person?" continued Mr. Harland.

"It is only what she would have said, if she had had wit enough to have thought of it," answered Fanny, quite nettled.

"Miss Benton," returned Mr. Harland, low but distinctly, "a good heart, such as I trust you possess, should never indulge in such sarcasm. Ignorance, when we meet with it, is to be pitied, not laughed at; and believe me, after all, to my mind, at least, *good-natured stupidity is preferable to ill-natured wit!*"

He had seen what no other there had noticed. It was the light form of Clara N——, who had unwittingly heard the whole conversation. She was staggering rather than walking from the room, her face ablaze with shame and humiliation. As she left the room her handkerchief fell from her nerveless grasp, and as Mr. Harland sprang forward to return it to her, a glance of deepest import was exchanged—a look that beat down the barriers of formality at once, and when their hands touched, though but for an instant, there was a kindly pressure that needed no reproach, still less an explanation. Further I need not go. Fanny Benton was cured of her sarcasm, for she too had seen the look; but it was too late. Mr. Harland, like a true gentleman, took herself and mother to their home, but he returned immediately to Philadelphia, in which city's newspapers Fanny

soon read, without any attempt at wit or sarcasm—

"On the 28th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Blank, Miss Clara N——, to Mr. George Harland, both of this city."

## Brudence Darling.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Mrs. Darling "loved a misery." It had become the habit of her life. For her own part, she was entirely unconscious of any lugubrious tendency, and had any one suggested it, she would have considered herself an innocent and basely slandered woman, and would only have discovered herein a new source of lamentation. A woman of middling height, with a somewhat thin figure, and a dark, worn face, the mouth, eyes, every prominent or plastic feature accentuated with a certain sort of despondency, worfy, hopelessness—this was Mrs. Barbara Darling, when her years had almost slipped into a half century.

There was no denying that this woman had many causes, both in the past, present, and apparently the future, for sadness and regret. There was her husband—a fat, lymphatic, shiftless sort of farmer, much fonder of lounging about the village tavern of Briarsville, and telling stories, and cracking somewhat dull jokes, than of tilling his farm, or mending his fences, or earning bread to put in the mouths of his six children. His land, poorly cultivated, yielded in return sparse crops, which bore witness to the slipshod management of its owner. Under the old-fashioned, sloping roof, which had needed shingling for the last ten years, four tow-headed, obstreperous boys and two girls were struggling their way up into man and womanhood; while the mother, broken down in health, fretted and soured in spirit, had a constant strife to make both ends meet; for Mrs. Darling never forgot that she came of a respectable family, and that her father was old Deacon Prime, and had been in his day a Justice of the Peace and one of the Trustees of the Briarsville Academy. There was no doubt that she was considerably descended in life, and she felt it, and had a right to, that I would vindicate in her case as readily as in one who moved in a wider social orbit.

Get down to the core of our human natures, and there is a strong likeness betwixt all. Mrs. Barbara Darling was not a termagant, but she was like a perpetual rainy day, with

a little sour trickle of east wind in it, with that constant drizzling fret and complaint of hers. Nothing ever went right; she liked to find out the dark side of her lot—to shake it up, and spread it out, and hold it open. She would not turn it on the other side, where the light lay. She would not look out of the window, with that worn, faded face of hers, and read the message of hope which the laughter of the spring grass brought to her door—which the brook sang a little father off, as it twinkled and gurgled past her dwelling—which the solemn stars reflected, marching in praise and glory through the sky.

These things never reached the poor, fretted, soured heart of Mrs. Barbara Darling. You could not have found a shorter way to her affections than by assuming that she was the most unfortunate—the most hunted, outraged, wronged, of all woman kind. She firmly held this belief herself, and this morbid habit of mind of course communicated itself to her whole moral nature. All bright, healthful heartiness had oozed out of it. She hugged her troubles. Still, justice to Mrs. Barbara Darling demands this much. She was not of that malignant type which is always searching for the blots in others. She brought perpetual sighs from the depths of her bosom; the corners of her mouth were squared in an habitual expression of distress, but she did not belong to that class of human vultures which are always scenting evil in the lives and doings of others.

Of course, her home was not a happy one. The rainy-day atmosphere always pervaded it. Her leisurely, lymphatic husband, bore it well enough. He had become accustomed to his spouse's sighs and expostulations—to that perspective of the almshouse, disgrace, starvation, which she daily presented to his consideration as the inevitable termination of their lives.

Her boys—careless, rollicking, self-assertant, took their mother's perpetual scoldings about as complacently as ducks' backs do the water. They could run out doors, and shake off from their souls with the first halloo all that was dark or oppressive in their domestic atmosphere.

These four boys occupied the interval betwixt the two girls, the oldest and the youngest children of the family. Hope, the younger girl, combined in her face something of both parents, or what they had both been, and the result was a fair complexion, a good deal freckled and a little burned, features abrupt, but with a promise of comeliness, wide, open

hazel eyes, with a good deal of the mother's sharpness in them; a wide, good-natured mouth, limbs stout and healthful—this was Hope Darling.

Of altogether different and finer material was the elder sister, with whom this story has most to do.

Three years out of her teens, a face pale almost to unhealthfulness, with some hunger or disappointment in it, which made one look at it many times, then turn away, still baffled and uncertain. The eyes were of a deep hazel gray, that looked you full in the face, sometimes in an intent, sometimes in an absent way, with a mouth sweet and pliable, and yet when closed accented with strength and sadness; but when it smiled, which it did not do very often, was like a child for gladness and simplicity.

The figure of this girl was lithe, slender, nervous, full of a quick restlessness, and at times drooping down into an utter stillness, which was like sleep or death. This girl, Prudence Darling, christened after her grandmother, for her mother desired to perpetuate the old-fashioned names of her family, had a fine, keen soul, which bruised itself against her hard daily life. Full of hunger and needs which she could not comprehend, with that innate sense of beauty and order which was brought into constant antagonism with life, as she saw it and lived it every day under the old red farmhouse, with its blackened roof, cushioned all over with green and gray mosses.

This girl went about mostly in an habitual melancholy, which—for youth was strong in her—often rose into a fierce refusal of, and desperation at her lot.

She could not shake off her mother's complaints as her lymphatic father, or her rude, lubberly brothers, or her lighter, coarser-natured sister. Keenly sensitive to words, colors, or things, Mrs. Darling's constant fault-finding hurt the soul of her eldest child. It recoiled from them—that warm, fine nature, that was pinched, and chilled, and half-strangled with that rainy-day east-wind atmosphere of her home. She wanted the sunshine—room to grow—warmth to expand—the loves and the sympathies which a soul like hers is always craving. Yet, do not mistake me. This girl, Prudence Darling, was no genius—never would have been one, under any circumstances; but a fine, true, tender, sensitive woman, ready for any toil or sacrifice for the sake of those she loved—a poor, bewildered, suffering, baffled nature, whose faith still held in a weak, struggling way on God, for her character rested on

a keen conscientiousness. Sometimes, though, in spite of her mother, and all the asperities of her lot, this girl's nature would assert its right to life and joy. The coldness, the something which baffled curious strangers, would fade out of her face—it would warm and glow into a wonderful life and brightness—the still, hazel-gray eyes would flash out the meaning of the soul behind them—all the lines around the still, half-sorrowful mouth would dissolve into gladness, and the fresh, ringing laughter, would be something to make your own heart lighter.

Prue Darling, for this was the household elision of the old-fashioned name, had a great hunger for books, and managed out of the Briarsville circulating library, and from various private sources, to indulge it pretty largely. Her instinct was true enough to select the best books, so that on the narrow foundation of a district school education, she had raised a considerable structure of general knowledge—not very symmetrical, of course, but still, many a fashionable lady goes into society with not a bit more capital, unless it be a smattering of French.

"Prue," said Jerry, the third of her brothers, putting his tow head and flabby face inside the kitchen, as she was setting away the breakfast dishes, on a May morning, which was full of the song of birds and the scent of blossoms—"do you know to-morrow's 'lection in the city, and the Briarsville Guards is goin' on? I tell you it'll be a jolly time!" dexterously transforming his cap into a ball, and tossing it to the wall.

"Oh, how I should like to see the parade!" exclaimed Prue, her face suddenly leaping out of blankness.

Mrs. Darling sat in the corner, "seeding" some peppers. She interposed now, with a voice of querulous reproachfulness—

"I shouldn't think *you'd* have the heart to take any comfort in soldiers' parades, when your father talks o' sellin' the brown cow to pay off his debt at the grocer's, and I couldn't sleep a wink last night, thinking on't. I've said ruin' was starin' us in the face long enough; but it's come now."

A cloud shut out the glow in the girl's face. It was evident *her* happiness was of that keen but sensitive sort which is easily spoiled by objugation.

Of an entirely different quality was Hope's. She had listened with her wide eyes and mouth to her brother's remark, and she now interposed, with a good deal of positiveness—

"I'd like to go to-morrow, and see the soldiers, and all the folks, and the 'lection, if the brown cow did have to be sold—wouldn't you, Jerry?"

"Yes—what's the use? Have the fun, I say, when you can get it, and keep the trouble out o' sight!" which coarsely expressed sentiment contained a grain of truth that it would have been well for Mrs. Darling to contemplate.

She turned upon Jerry with indignation—

"It's very well for *you* to talk, who haven't got bread to put into eight hungry mouths, let alone the chickens, and the pigs, about havin' trouble take care of itself; but I reckon when you come down to breakfast some mornin' and find nothin' on the table, that you'll sing a different tune. As for Hope's going to 'lection, she'd better remember that she ruined her meetin' shoes in her last tramp over to the 'Run,' and she's never likely to see another pair. So long as we've got so many mouths to feed, there's small chance of anything else."

Jerry ran his shrewd, light eyes up to the ceiling, then darted out of the kitchen door with a bound, and shook his great limbs as a bear might after a bath. Hope looked serious for a moment, for a perspective of unvarying "barefootedness" was not attractive, and she was twelve the coming summer.

With two long-drawn sighs Mrs. Darling returned to her peppers and silence; and Prue went to scouring the knives, bending over them her desolate face. But her lips did not rest like the rest of her features this morning. They worked and struggled at the angles, and at last a dreary sort of glimmer went over the face of Prue Darling. She turned suddenly to her mother, resting her half-scoured knife on the yellow brick.

"Mother," she said, as though something in her thoughts hurt her and must come out, "I'm tired of this!"

"Tired of what, child?" asked the mother, a little surprised, but she was used to Prue's sudden odd ways of saying and doing things.

"Of this life of mine; of hearing daily, hourly—every breath I draw, of this terrible, grinding poverty. It chokes me with every mouthful I swallow; for I remember you'd have so much the more to put into another's, if I was out of the way. I want to relieve you of one burden at least. Let me go out into the world. There must be some work in it for me to do. If I cannot find it, I had better lie down and die."

"Prudence Darling," said her mother, in a tone made up of injury and surprise, "where would you go—what could you do?"

"Anything, so that I could earn the bread I ate, the right to the bed I slept on. I'd go into anybody's kitchen and toil from sunrise to sunset. I'd get a place in the paper mill, and earn my two dollars a week there."

She had struck a new spring of grievance.

"Prudence," said her mother, with awful solemnity, setting down her pan of peppers, "have you forgot who you sprung from, and would you disgrace yourself by hirin' out in Joe Waters's paper mill, when he was your grandfather's chore boy for seven years? No, we may come to starvation and beggary, but you shall never be one of Joe Waters's mill hands."

"But, mother, it's growing worse with us all the time," with a hard, dry sob in her throat, which Prue knew, when she was all alone, would dissolve in burning tears. "If I was gone, you might get enough in time to buy Hope's shoes."

Mrs. Darling was not without her full share of maternal affection, and the mother in her—the mother, away down under all her worry and fret and discordance, was touched by the words and the face of her child. There was a note of sympathy in her voice as she said—

"Wall, Prue, let wus come to wus, we'll stick together. No grandchild of Deacon Benjamin Prime shall ever go trapesin' about the country for work in other folks' kitchens, so long as the roof of her home hangs together."

"And, Prue, I tell you what, I wont go without my shoes either," subjoined Hope, who was fond of her sister. "Jerry said last night he could sell as much flag root as we'd preserve, and we'll take him and go off into the woods this afternoon. It's just the time now to dig it up."

Prue looked down and smiled on her sister, a smile which brought her face out of its doubt and desolation. Then she returned once more to the knives, but the sore place in her heart was not healed. That afternoon Prue, Hope, and Jerry, started for the low meadows in which the flag grew.

No heart, which was not quite frozen and withered up, could have failed to respond to the invitation of that May afternoon. Such a broad triumph was over all its face; the joy which comes after the spring's long struggle and victory over the winter. The earth was fairly drenched in sunshine; the air was full



of the fresh scents of all sprouting things; the fruit trees were white drifts of blossoms; Southern birds flashed through the air with throats like coals of fire, and songs dropped from among the trees and filled the silence with sweet sound.

Prue forgot her home; the carking cares dropped away from her soul. It was worth going far to see the face of this girl now, as it opened to the sweet sympathies of nature. The buried roses burned into life in those pale cheeks, eyes and lips glowed; she darted down the long road and through the young meadow like a frolicsome child; she broke out into snatches of song, into merry peals of laughter. She took her bonnet off and let the soft, fresh winds play at will with her fine, dead-brown hair. She was not the saddened, silent Prue of home, but another being, full of intense life, and glow, and activities.

Jerry and Hope were like a couple of young wild animals let loose. They gamboled and shouted along the road, Jerry being only prevented from performing the most extravagant feats of legerdemain by his basket and his hoe. At last they reached the low, damp soil, beneath which the flag roots wound like great, white tangled threads. Jerry did most of the digging, for he had the muscles of a young giant; and his sisters the cutting, and washing, and trimming.

It was pleasant work for not over dainty folk—folks, I mean, who were not afraid of soiling their hands or their skirts; and there was real delight in laying the exhumed roots in the little brook, with the cool, soft, delicious feeling of the water rippling over one's hands, while it washed away the remains of the earth which still clung tenaciously to the roots.

There was nobody to see, and they talked and laughed loud together at the work, nobody to hear either, they supposed, but they were mistaken here. A young man was walking slowly along the little footpath through a lane which lay on the right of the low meadows. There was nothing in this lane but an old deserted house and a tumble-down barn. Had any one been on the watch, he might have seen this young man walk about the old house and the tumble-down barn, and survey them all over with some intent, half mournful expression, which softened his sunbrowned, sagacious face. He sat down awhile on the sunken stone before the front door, and leaning his head on his hand gave himself up to thoughts and memories that went down into

the core of his nature, half mournful, half pleasant, as you would have seen had you watched the man's face, sitting there in the warm May sunshine which flooded him all over.

It was here that the loud talk and laughter from the low meadows reached him, borne on the wind which blew that way. The man rose up; a tightly built, broad shouldered, muscular figure, with a step full of vigor and self-reliance; a well cut face, roughened and hardened by toil and exposure, the shrewdness of the gray eyes softened by a kindly gleam of mirth, and the resolute set of the mouth affirming that here was a man who could take care of himself, and fight his own way through the world.

This man went down through the meadows, guided by the voices, his strong, steady step crushing the tender May grass in his path. A few moments brought him to the point where the meadow-land slanted towards the brook, and he caught a glimpse of the trio around it, all in most picturesque attitudes.

Jerry was leaning on his hoe, somewhat exhausted with his work, in his shirt-sleeves, his head bare; while Prue and Hope, kneeling on a little dry mound of bank were splashing in the brook, their sleeves rolled above their elbows, their bonnets off, their cheeks in a glow, their lips parted with laughter—never in the world had Prudence Darling looked so pretty as at that moment. This man had not seen her for ten years, but the old childish light and gladness had come back to her face now, and he knew her at once, and in his eyes she looked hardly older than she did when he shook hands with her the last time.

"Halloo," he shouted, in his broad, hearty voice.

The three figures started—the three faces turned towards him in blank surprise; he hurried down towards them. He addressed Prue first, putting out his hand with the air of one who had a right to expect it would be taken, and smiling, not with his eyes only, but all over his face.

"Don't you know who I am, Prue?"

Her color deepened, but her eyes held his face steadily.

"No, I don't, but I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before."

"Your eyes can't be as good as mine then, if you can't spell Sam Decker out somewhere in my face."

Her face leaped into swift and glad recognition.

"Why, Samuel, is it *you*?" she said, forgetting for the moment that he was no longer a boy, and giving him her hand.

He took it in his hearty grasp.

"Yes, I'm back once more, sure as a bad penny. Glad to see me for the sake of old times, Prue?"

"Yes, I am glad," her voice and face giving most satisfactory emphasis to the words. "How long you have been gone!"

"That's a fact; ten years is a thick slice out of a man's life, and yet when I went up to the old place, where I heard your voices," nodding his head towards the lane, "it didn't somehow seem but a little while since I was there."

Prue was touched; this seeking out the old, deserted boy-home, before he did any of his friends, was something she could keenly sympathize with; but it gradually began to beam on her that the strong, tall, sunbrowned traveler was not the frank, kindly, good-natured boy she remembered; and her next remark came with a little maiden reserve that indicated the change.

"How much you must have seen and learned in all these years, Mr. Decker!"

"Yes, indeed. I've had some rough tumbles about the world, and ran a good many strong chances of getting my neck broken. But here I am once more, safe and sound in old Briarsville."

"How I should like to hear all about your adventures."

He looked at her with the kindly, approving smile which brought back the boy vividly once more.

"That's just like you, Prue; always curious to hear some wonderful story. Well, you shall have the facts straight from the mouth of one who was there to see, before long. But who may these be?" glancing towards Jerry and Hope, who stood by, in gaping wonder.

"Don't you remember—this is Jerry, and that is Hope, the youngest of our family."

"Yes, I remember. He was a little white-headed lump of mischief when I went away; and Hope here, could clap her fat hands and crow when I danced her up to the ceiling—rest of the family flourishing?"

A little shadow crept over the bright eyes.

"Well, mother hasn't been well for a number of years. She thinks she's breaking down."

"Wants a little chirking up, I fancy." Samuel Decker remembered the troubled face whose lines had grown so much deeper with

the years. "I shall have to come over and make her laugh right down hearty a few times. Better than medicine for 'breaking down folks.'"

"Oh, I wish you would. I'm sure it would do mother good to see *you*," said Prue, cordially.

It was getting towards sunset now, and Jerry got his hoe and the knives, and the basket of flag-root, and they all started for home. It was a pleasant walk for Prue. In the west the low clouds unfurled themselves in countless small waves, which looked like masses of pink petals. Then her companion had so many questions to ask, so many things to tell her. He was one of those brisk, hearty talkers, with quick observation and a keen vein of humor, that always turns you up the bright, picturesque side of things.

Prue's hungry soul drank it in all as a famishing man would food. She was astonished when they reached her own door; but she carried into it a different face from the one she took out. She wanted to take Mr. Decker into the parlor, but he protested against it, and insisted on going right into the kitchen, "like one of the family."

Mrs. Darling was setting the table for supper. The oburgation with which she was prepared to greet Prue for her long absence was cut short by the sight of the stranger who entered with her.

"Mother, don't you know who this is?" asked the girl, intent on the surprise and pleasure which the knowledge would bring to her mother.

Mrs. Darling surveyed the smiling, manly face with infinite surprise, and some embarrassment.

"I'm sure I can't tell who the gentleman is," she said, after a moment's scrutiny.

The stranger advanced and gave her his hand.

"Come, now, Mrs. Darling," he said, in his easy, hearty fashion, "you ought to recognize me, if not for my own sake for my mother's."

These last words were the key which unlocked the mystery. Mrs. Darling gave another rapid, wondering search into the stranger's eyes, then she cried out in a tone full of excitement and pleasure—

"It can't raly be Sam Decker that I see before my eyes?"

"It can't raly be anybody else," said the young man, and he actually bent down and kissed the poor faded cheek of Mrs. Barbara Darling, for the sight of it brought back from

under the grasses and daisies, where it had lain many years, the face of Samuel Decker's own mother.

"Well, I'm beat now," and Mrs. Darling sat down in a chair, the tears shaken into her eyes, the smiles in a struggle on her lips. "Why, Samuel, what a great, stout man you have grown!" surveying the stalwart figure again from head to foot.

"Yes," with a kind of self-reliance which one could not choose but respect and admire, "I've fought my own way in the world—it needs stout muscles for that; but the hard knocks seemed to agree with me."

"Oh, I wish your mother was here to see you this minute, Samuel. How proud she'd be!" The words were broken for feeling—feeling that went quite out of Mrs. Darling's self, or her circumstances, for she and the mother of Samuel Decker had been like sisters through their girlhood.

The young man could not speak for a moment, for the words touched a place most sacred and tender in his heart; at last he said,

"Well, as you were my mother's dearest friend, I must look to you to take the pride and the pleasure instead."

So he sat down by the side of Mrs. Darling, who had now eyes and ears for nobody but her guest, and Prue busied herself about the supper. In a little while the head of the family presented himself, followed by the three hopeful scions who were to uphold the honor of his name to the succeeding generation; boys ranging along through their early teens, bashful, overgrown, awkward, and yet with good heads and shrewd faces, which promised something one of these days, when they had outgrown their careless, slipshod, rollicking boyhood. Ephraim Darling, easy, shiftless soul, was very much surprised, and very much pleased to see his guest; and the boys stood around with wondering, rather silly faces.

Prue had ransacked larder, pantry and cellar to get up a respectable supper, and on the whole had achieved it. The advent of Samuel Decker had, for that night at least, worked a marvellous revolution in the Darling household. It was impossible to resist his infectious good humor. The wide-mouthed boys actually roared at some of his comical stories, and even Mrs. Darling laughed once until the tears stood in her eyes.

Prue did not mingle a great deal in the talk, but she listened with that face of hers to those wonderful stories of tropical climes; of mighty forests, whose vast foliage was drenched

through hot summers with burning sunshine; she seemed to hear the roar of wild animals, to see the fiery beauty of Eastern birds; and then again, the still, parched, gray plains of the West stretched before her, in all their solemn dreariness and desolation; and all this would be suddenly broken up, and she would be fairly convulsed with laughter at some description of a comical rencounter of the traveller with the natives. Then suddenly the conversation would slip away from all to the homely everyday life at Briarsville, and the old familiar names would be taken up, and the good or evil which had chanced to them in all these years canvassed over.

But once Mrs. Darling's face slipped back into its old gloom a moment. It was after tea, and Samuel Decker was telling Mrs. Darling, what a moment before seemed true, that she bore her years very well. She drew one of the old sighs and shook her head. Prue wondered if their guest noticed it.

"I'm not the woman I used to be," she said. "I've had trouble and care enough, the land knows, to wear me down before this day."

Her guest looked at her a moment. Prue wondered if he thought her mother's years didn't show themselves *now*, but just then something drifted the conversation into another channel.

Samuel Decker did not remain late, some business claiming his attention. Just before he took leave, however, he drew out from his pocket a small bag of yellowish kid, and opening this took thereof a large piece of some dark looking mineral, veined on all sides with the pale yellow ore which none could mistake.

"There's a piece of the genuine stuff," he said. "I got that at the mines for you," and he placed it in Mrs. Darling's hands.

"Oh, mother, it's real gold!" exclaimed Jerry, pushing his curious face between the two, and troubled by no scruples of delicacy.

"How much is all that worth, Mr. Decker?"

"Oh, Jerry, for shame!" exclaimed Prue, her face ablaze.

"Never mind him, Prue. I know what inquisitive rascals boys always are. If your mother sets you to disposing of that lump there, Jerry, you mustn't let it go for less than fifty dollars."

Mrs. Darling was dumb with amazement; she sat still, looking at the veined mineral in her hand, then she held it out to her guest—

"I can't think of taking so much as that from you, Samuel," she said.

"Yes, you can, old friend of my mother's."

It's a pity if after ten years absence I couldn't bring you back as much of a token as that is. I've no relations to take it, you know."

"Mother, we shant have to sell the brown cow now," exclaimed Jerry, in a fearfully loud aside, unmindful of the pantomime of his sister.

The guest glanced at Hope.

"I guess I've got another piece left," he said, and he drew from the kid bag a smaller piece of mineral, but not with the same precious veining, and placed it in the child's chubby hand. "That's for the sake of the time you used to let me dance you up to the wall."

"Now, Hope, you wont have to go to digging flag-root any more to buy you shoes." Jerry's loud whisper might have been heard all over the room, as he sympathetically poked Hope under the ribs.

"Jerry! Jerry!" said his father, in mild reproof, for his spouse was too deeply absorbed in contemplating her new treasure, to be conscious of her third son's comments.

As for Prue, she looked as though she was ready to burst into tears; but the returned traveller seemed so unconscious, she indulged a hope that he had not overheard her brother's remarks. He had though—very little ever escaped the keen observation of Samuel Deeker; and putting Jerry's whispers together with various proofs of lack of care and thrift about the external physiognomy of the Darling homestead, and having his boyhood's impressions of the character of its proprietor confirmed by this evening's visit, the young man drew his own conclusions.

"There'll be a stir among the girls in Briarsville I fancy, mother," was Ephraim Darling's first comment, after their guest had taken his leave. Mrs. Darling was in a remarkably conciliatory attitude of mind.

"So there will, father. I declare it all seems like a dream to me," still contemplating the dark, bright lump in her hand.

"Mother, don't you feel rich?" exclaimed Hope, stealing up and laying her smaller gift by the side of her mother's.

"Wall, I must say it was a real streak of good luck; about the first one that ever happened to me."

"I think he might have given Prue a present too, when he looked at her all the time," subjoined Jerry, a little indignantly.

"Jerry, what a dreadful tongue you have got," said his sister, with a glow in her cheeks.

Hope sidled up to Prue.

"You shall have part of mine when I sell it," she said, in a sympathetic tone.

But there was no need of sympathy for Prue. She did not feel herself in the least neglected. Samuel Deeker had made up his mind that he would settle down in his old native village of Briarsville. He was a man whose associations and attachments were tenacious, and he had been for ten years, more or less, a rover on the face of the earth, for three of these in South America, the remainder in India, China, and California, in which latter place he had made, what they called in Briarsville a fortune, that is, several thousand dollars.

He was a true type of the New Englander, astute, energetic, with the practical sagacity and the ready pluck which would be sure to make his way in the world. His father died in his infancy, his mother followed him twelve years, and at seventeen Samuel Deeker went out to make his fortune, and the old place where he first saw the light fell into ruin. Quick observation made him a good judge of his fellow men, and his knowledge was largely of that kind which comes of mingling with all classes under a wide variety of circumstances.

But with all his bold, careless, off-hand ways of saying and doing things, there was something fine, gentle, pure in the grain of the soul of Samuel Deeker—that something which lay at the bottom of the chivalry of the old knights, and which lies away down in the heart of every true man. It had, under God, rescued him in many a time of temptation from evil, ruin, and he had brought back to Briarsville something of the old freshness and tender sympathies of his boyhood, those springs which kept clean, pure and delicate, amid all poisonous influences.

Prudence Darling had been the companion of his boyhood. The children had been very fond of each other. The girl's fine instinct had unconsciously perceived the pure and nobler part of the boy's nature; and he had carried the thought of that small, bright, earnest face through all his wanderings, and he had come back to find it, in his eyes, hardly changed; come back to Briarsville with his whole nature alive with new aspirations for a better, happier life—for a home beneath which all his sweet, tender, hungry sympathies should cherish themselves, and in which his aspirations for growth, knowledge, development in all directions should have free scope and kindly atmosphere.

Great was the stir and excitement throughout the stagnant old village, when it became noised abroad that Samuel Deeker had returned, and he was for some time the hero of Briarsville, as his wonderful adventures and success in life were its prominent topics of conversation. He was a welcome guest at every house in the village, and Mr. Darling's prophecy came to pass in this case in a way that his prophecies seldom did.

But Samuel Deeker was more frequently that individual's guest than that of any other man's in Briarsville. His visits were always like a ray of sunlight in the farmer's dwelling, and always brightened up Mrs. Darling, who very seldom showed that worn, troubled, everyday face of hers to Samuel Deeker.

But though the Darling household turned its sunniest side towards him, his instincts were of that kind which easily penetrated through all disguises, whether conscious or unconscious, and Samuel Deeker had a keen interest in this especial family, and he was not long in arriving at a conviction of the true state of things.

Prue and he always got on nicely together; her face always came out of its shadow and blankness in his presence; but he knew well enough what a bare, pinched, hungry life she led under her father's roof—how her soul lay under it—the bright, warm, joyous thing—cramped and half strangled, and the thought of this followed and haunted him everywhere, and he longed to take the poor, restless, defeated thing into the warmth of his love and cherishing, and give it rest, freedom, sunlight.

Poor Prue! That was the happiest summer of her life. Through the sour, rainy, domestic atmosphere of her home, there broke hours flooded with radiant sunshine, when her old boy-friend came to pay them one of his frequent visits.

Somehow, the sight of his pleasant face, the sound of his hearty voice, did her good; her soul shook off its nightmare of cold and pain, and blossomed out in her face in warmth, glow, beauty. Her laugh, when it came fresh, right out of her heart, was just a little child's, and she almost found herself wondering at herself—at the new thoughts—at the gleams of mirth—at the merry jests which she tossed to and fro in the company of Samuel Deeker.

Prue was not vain; she had that humble opinion of herself which depressed, half-crushed natures are so apt to have, and she never suspected for a moment that Samuel Deeker had any interest or friendship in her

beyond the old boy-one. It seemed natural and pleasant to talk with him in the laughing, familiar way that she did in the far-away time, when they were boy and girl together. As for the man himself, something restrained him from speaking—a sense of timidity—unworthiness in the presence of the woman he loved, which every noble nature must feel, and so he carried his secret in his heart—carried it there so closely, so sacredly, that no one suspected it. But after long waiting it came out. The summer had passed, the pomp of the autumn was gone, and it was a day in November, with a sour sky, a dreary earth. Prue went to the window, and threw it up, and looked out a moment. She was always very susceptible to the elements, and it was a habit of hers to study the face of the heavens and the earth beneath.

To-day hers was like both. Everything had seemed to go wrong in the house, and her mother had been in a particularly lachrymose state that morning.

"Oh, Day," she murmured to herself—"you haven't any color or beauty; you are just like my life—my life, that is good for nothing, that makes nobody better or happier—that I wonder sometimes God had given to me!"

Somebody coming round the corner of the house, had seen this girl's face—somebody had heard her words—somebody, impelled by forces he could not resist, stepped quickly along the faded grass beneath the window.

"Oh, Prue, don't say that—it isn't true," said Samuel Deeker.

She started; surprised embarrassment shook her face out of its despair.

"I—I didn't think anybody heard me," she stammered.

"No matter; I couldn't help it. But, Prue, it isn't true; you *do* make somebody better and happier. You don't know, but your life is the most sacred and precious thing on earth to some one."

Her hazel-gray eyes grew wide for wonder, yet the tears thickened in them at the tender, comforting words.

"To whom?" she asked, simply.

"To me, Prue!"

In her simplicity, she did not comprehend him yet.

"What do you mean, Samuel?" she asked, in an amazement that fairly took away her breath.

"I mean, Prue, that I love you with my whole heart."

There was no mistaking now. She sat right



down on the kitchen window-sill. It was well that everybody happened to be out of hearing just then, for she broke into such passionate tears, and such sobs shook her that it was a long time before Samuel Deeker, puzzled and alarmed, could quiet her. At last, she looked up at him, half apologetic, half pitiful—

"You don't know, Samuel, what you've asked for," she said. "I'm not worthy of this in any way. I'm fretful, sick of my lot, tired of my life, rebellious against God. You don't know, Samuel."

"Yes, I do," he went on to say very rapid and positive—"it's *you*, Prue, who don't know how you are my darling, whom I've carried in my heart through all these years, and among all those strange lands—it's *you*, who don't know how narrowly I've watched you since I came back, and how I've seen that your life was hard, and narrow, and stinted here, and how you needed—poor, tried child, strength and love all about it. Don't I know your longing and aspiration, your struggle and heart-sickness, and don't I want to take you out of all the trouble, into warmth and light—into my own heart and home? Don't I know, too, that you are the one woman in the world who can sweeten, and purify, and bless my life? And oh, Prue, we are both young yet—we can study, and perceive, and enjoy—we can grow wiser and better, man and woman together."

Her eyes were on his face while he talked—her eyes, growing out of their mists into new hope, and joy, and faith. Samuel Deeker looked down in their depths, and he said—

"Prue, I've been buying a nice little farm about two miles west of here—just land enough to oversee and occupy my time, and give me plenty for other things beside. I shall put up a pretty little cottage there one of these days—Prue, won't you come and be its mistress?"

In her quaint, childish fashion, she put her hand in his, without saying a word; but the gesture spoke for itself of the fulness of love, and trust, and happiness, that was in the heart of Prudence Darling at that moment. And she remembered that not after her desire, but in a better way, had God answered her.

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SOME natures are too soft and pliable to feel either deeply, wrong or misfortune. You may cut into them as into pine wood, without causing jag or split; other dispositions splinter and assume an eternal asperity at the first blow.

## Kings and Queens of England.

EDWARD V.

Edward V. was proclaimed king April 9, 1483, when twelve years of age. His reign was short and unfortunate. He was the fourth child of Edward IV., and was born when his father was an exile from his throne and kingdom. A short time before his birth a rebellion had broken out, headed by the Dukes of Warwick and Clarence, who had taken the queen's father, Sir Richard Woodville, who was then high treasurer, and her eldest brother, John, and beheaded them without judge or jury; and intended a more fearful doom for the queen's mother, Jaquetta, she being accused of witchcraft, which was a calumny aimed at ladies of royal rank, whose conduct and character were irreproachable, and afforded no cause of complaint, when it was determined by their enemies to put them out of the way. This was the third accusation of the kind in the royal family within a few years, and had produced fatal results.

The queen being left a resident at the Tower, where her party still held Henry VI. a prisoner, betook herself to her barge and fled up the Thames to Westminster; not to her own palace, but to a strong, gloomy building called the Sanctuary, the day that Warwick entered London. She was accompanied by her mother, her three little daughters, Elizabeth, Mary, and Cicely, with her faithful attendant, Lady Scrope. In this dismal place, November 1, 1470, Edward V. was born. The little Prince of Wales was baptized soon after his birth, with no more ceremony than if he had been the son of a poor man. For nearly six months the prince remained in the Sanctuary, when king Edward was again the victor, and removed the queen and royal children to the palace of his mother, Castle Baynard.

The Prince of Wales was not married, but his brother Richard, Duke of York, who was two years younger, was married when five years old, in St. Stephen's Chapel, to Anne Mowbray, heiress of the Duchy of Norfolk, then three years old; they both died while they were young children.

It was soon after this that Isabel, the wife of the Duke of Clarence, died; it was a severe stroke to him, and to drown his sorrow he became very intemperate and morose, and was put to death by his relatives.

During the reign of Edward IV., Queen Elizabeth, by her agreeable temper and artful

conduct, gained an entire ascendancy over the king, and almost unlimited influence in public affairs; she obtained titles and lucrative offices for her relations, and by degrees had almost banished the ancient nobility from the court; but when the king died they were ready to oppose her power, and she was left more desolate and unprotected than in her first widowhood. She dreaded the turbulent and powerful aristocracy, at the head of whom was Lord Hastings, who had always opposed her family violently.

Before the death of the king he had endeavored to effect a reconciliation between the court and the aristocracy, and thought he had succeeded; but both parties forgot their mutual protestations of friendship as soon as he was laid in the grave, and began to consult on measures for diminishing each other's authority. They unanimously agreed that Edward V. should be king; but the contest was, which of the two parties should become master of his person and govern in his name. The young king had been entrusted to the care of his uncle, Lord Rivers, and his half-brother, Lord Gray. Richard, the late king's brother, was determined to remove these noblemen from the person of Edward; and Lord Hastings, who was a loyal and honest man, willingly assisted him, as he bore a bitter enmity to the queen and her relatives. They set out with a numerous train to meet the king, who was on his way to London to be crowned. They seized Rivers and Gray and sent them to Pontefract, then dismissed Edward's other attendants, and forbid their coming near the court on pain of death. Edward had always feared his uncle, and when he found himself in his power was filled with terror and grief. Before Richard arrived in London the news of his violent measures was generally known, and was the cause of great alarm. The queen instantly left her palace at Westminster, and again took shelter in the Sanctuary with her children; she was confident if she could keep her youngest son in safety the life of the young king was secure. By artifice Richard procured for himself the custody of the king's person and the government of the kingdom during his minority. He then succeeded in getting Edward's brother in his power, though the queen was fully sensible of the danger in which the brothers would be placed if under Richard's control, and would not consent to give up her child; but he was taken from her by his uncle, and with his brother confined in the Tower.

Richard used every means in his power to induce the people to make him their king; he wished to annihilate the rights of all who stood between himself and the throne, and raised a report that the late king and his brother Clarence were illegitimate, and that he alone was the real son and heir of the late Duke of York, his father; he also charged the queen with sorcery and other crimes; but these reports were of no service, but rather an injury to his cause, so now he resorted to murder.

He imparted his design to put to death the prisoners in Pontefract Castle to Lord Hastings, who approved the measure, but was ignorant of Richard's real motive; he little thought how soon he would need the mercy he refused to others. Hastings had great influence over the people of London, and his popularity was feared by Richard, who resolved if he did not favor his usurpation of the crown to destroy him; so when he found him immovable in his adherence to the king, he had him immediately beheaded. This nobleman died the same hour in which the lords in Pontefract were executed.

Every one saw that these measures must end in the destruction of the king, but dared not speak on the subject. The two children of Clarence were secretly imprisoned and kept concealed after Richard's death. Edward V. and his brother were never seen again. Richard had placed Sir Robert Brackenbury in command of the Tower where they were confined, and expected him to obey all his commands; but when he ordered him to murder the princes, he answered that he could not imbrue his hands in their blood. Richard then sent James Tyrrel with a written order to take the command of the Tower for one night; and with two assassins, when all were asleep, he smothered the princes in bed, and buried them under the staircase. Edward V. reigned less than three months.

## The Christian's Death.

BY EDD E. PARKER.

When in the Christian's weary breast  
The voice is heard, that calls to rest,  
He goes not saddened and deprest.

For, like the stars that fade away  
Before the brighter, purer ray,  
Of the first tinge of dawning day,  
He feels that earthly hopes but die  
In purer hopes from realms on high,  
And gladly fleeth to the sky.

## Out in the World.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XVII.

Once more fairly in her power, Mrs. Windall used all the subtle art she possessed, in order to hold Mrs. Jansen passive to her will. She had, within a day or two, changed her home, and was now residing in Jersey City, occupying a pleasant room in a suburban residence that overlooked the bay. Not in a boarding house, but as the guest at will of a lady in good circumstances, a recent acquaintance, between whom and herself a sudden and close intimacy had been formed. This lady's name was Barling. She was a widow, with only one child, a boy six years old.

Mrs. Barling was a woman of some cultivation and taste, and enjoyed intercourse with intellectual people, though not very intellectual herself. In the sphere of other and stronger minds, her thought was quickened to higher activity, and so dwelt in regions which she could not have attained alone. There was sufficient pleasure in this to lead her much into the society of men and women of superior minds. Mrs. Windall, slightly repelling her at the first meeting, had, subsequently, attracted her strongly. She noted peculiarities—some of them in opposition to her good taste—but set them down as eccentricities of genius. These she soon ceased to observe. Flowing in with the even current of Mrs. Barling's life, Mrs. Windall had pleased her with flatteries skilfully applied, and so won upon her affection and confidence. An invitation to spend a few weeks at her house was given with such an earnest cordiality, that a person of far less independence of feelings than Mrs. Windall, would scarcely have hesitated on the question of acceptance.

By the time Mrs. Jansen reached the residence of Mrs. Barling, she was so exhausted that she could scarcely bear up the weight of her body. Assisted by Mrs. Windall and a servant, she was just able to ascend to one of the chambers, where she sunk, half fainting, on a bed. A little wine gave artificial stimulus to the weak and palpitating nerves. In the repose that followed she slept.

During this interval of sleep, Mrs. Windall had opportunity to explain fully to her friend the circumstances under which she had found Mrs. Jansen, and to awaken a strong interest in her favor. A cordial welcome to her house, and an invitation to remain as long as she felt inclined to do so, were given by Mrs. Barling, and thankfully accepted.

"Do not apprehend," said Mrs. Jansen, her eyes full of grateful tears, "that I will become a burdensome intruder. Give me a brief time to recover my strength, and to determine my steps for the future, and I will pass on. The way before me is shrouded in darkness. I cannot see in what direction it runs, but I know that it is a difficult and dangerous way. I need a little pause, and in a place where I can stand firm, that I may gird myself for the struggles that await me."

The effort and excitement which had attended Madeline's escape from the house of Mrs. Cairne, left her very weak, and with symptoms of fever. Two or three days passed before she was able to leave her room. During the time she was scarcely ever alone, Mrs. Windall was her constant companion. The strong repugnance she had felt towards this woman gradually subsided, and while she felt no attraction towards her, she almost unconsciously yielded up her will, and suffered her thoughts and future plans to take the direction that she pointed out.

Mrs. Windall was a thoroughly selfish and unscrupulous woman. Every thought was limited by considerations of a personal nature, and ministered to sinister ends. Under the guise of philanthropic profession, she concealed an unwavering devotion to selfish ends. Her first thought, on meeting Mrs. Jansen at the house of Mrs. Woodbine, after the separation, was—"How can I turn this circumstance to account?" And, almost instantly, a suggestion of the means came. It was for this reason that she was so prompt to invite Mrs. Jansen to go home with her, and that she was so basely unscrupulous about the ways in which she sought to obtain control over the tried and unhappy woman.

Too indolent or proud, for ordinary useful work, whereby to secure an income, Mrs. Windall lacked the genius for higher efforts. A few times she had tried public readings, but miserably failed, the receipts for tickets not covering half of the expenses. Once pressed for the means of living, after exhausting the patience of temporary friends, who gradually receded the more intimately they knew her, she tried, under an assumed address, the game of a public swindler. In this she was more successful in a pecuniary way; but ran such a narrow risk of arrest and exposure, that she had never since felt easy in mind.

The swindling operation we have mentioned was in this wise. Mrs. Windall, under a false name, and with forged letters of credence and

introduction, purporting to be from well known persons in the Southern States, visited Buffalo, where she advertised for twenty-five teachers, young women, to go South, promising immediate engagements in seminaries and families, with liberal compensation. Applications, many, came in to her, and she found little difficulty in making arrangements with twenty-five young ladies to accompany her to Charleston. A time was appointed for the journey to begin, and on the day previous, each of the girls placed in the hands of Mrs. Windall the sum of thirty dollars, for the payment of expenses. She was to procure tickets for the company, and to meet them at the railroad depot in the morning. But, on their assembling at the depot, at the appointed time, Mrs. Windall was not there. She had departed in a midnight train, with over seven hundred dollars in her pocket, and was never again seen or heard of in Buffalo.

The swindle was published, and some efforts made to find and punish the swindler. But, as the cheated girls were poor, and without influential friends, there was but little to stimulate police efforts, and Mrs. Windall, though seriously alarmed for her safety, managed to run clear. She did not think it prudent to try other schemes of a like nature. The risk was too plainly before her eyes.

The manner in which she proposed to use Mrs. Jansen to her own advantage was this. The suggestion had come to her at the house of Mrs. Jansen, and the more she dwelt upon it, the more assured of success did she feel. Mrs. Jansen was young, and attractive in person. Dressed for effect in the flash and glare of evening lights, she would appear brilliant. She had talent of a certain order. In some of the companies which met at Mrs. Woodbine's there had been readings, and Madeline, on these occasions, had several times taken part, and acquitted herself to the admiration of all. Enthusiastic, and apt to enter with her whole soul into whatever she might be doing, she had, in some of her efforts, reached a singular perfection, holding her little audiences almost spell-bound. All this Mrs. Windall remembered; and when she saw this beautiful young creature breaking away from her home, instead of pain and pity for the grief and trouble that were before her, came a thrill of pleasure in the thought, that she might turn her talents to account for her own benefit. It was this dimly shadowed purpose that led her so promptly to encourage Madeline, in opposition to Mrs. Woodbine; and that induced her to take her home, as we have seen.

The plan of using Mrs. Jansen's personal attractions and talents as here indicated, once conceived by Mrs. Windall, was not to be relinquished. She saw an easy way of improving her rather desperate circumstances opening before her, and it was worth an effort to remove the obstructions that kept her feet back from entrance.

The first thing done by Mrs. Windall towards accomplishing her end, now that she had her victim in her power, and full time to plot and plan at leisure, was to win over Mrs. Barling to her views. Mrs. Barling was a weak, as well as a confiding woman; and where she trusted another of stronger mind than herself, could easily be led to see with that other one's eyes. The first intimation of what was in the mind of Mrs. Windall, rather shocked her feelings than elicited approval. But, Mrs. Windall not only understood human nature in general, but the particular human nature of her friend, and with the skill of an accomplished tactician, soon managed to lead her into the position she considered it most desirable for her to occupy.

To Mrs. Jansen, the subject was at first introduced in remote hints; but she did not understand them. Nothing could have been farther from her thoughts. When, at last, the suggestion came to her mind in a definite form, she shrunk back from the idea with a shiver of reluctance. In pondering the future, and scanning the ways and means by which she was to live, this had not once occurred to her. Most emphatically did she answer, "No, no! I will never think of that."

But Mrs. Windall was not the woman to relinquish any well digested scheme in which she was to derive benefit. First bringing Mrs. Barling entirely over to her views of the case, which was easily done, she commenced her insidious work upon Mrs. Jansen. With a most painful vividness did she bring before her mind the difficulties that would beset her way. She must live self-sustained, but how?

"Now is the time to look this question clearly in the face," she said, "and to determine your course for the future. How will you live? If I were less your friend than I am, I would not pain you by thrusting the subject into view; but, as your friend, deeply interested in your well being, I cannot shrink from the way of duty. How are you to live? In breaking away from the tyranny of your husband, you left empty-handed, and you are too proud and independent to ask of him anything. You have no income in your own right.

So the question of living is resolved into self-dependence. You must earn your bread. Here is the naked truth; and the question repeats itself—How? There are only two ways; by skill of hands or skill of head. Which will you choose? For women, as you are too well advised, the avenues to remunerative positions are few. You cannot get a clerkship in a bank or counting-house, nor secure the secretaryship of an insurance company. The doors of all public offices are closed against us. You might find a place in some fancy dry goods' or mantilla store. Perhaps Brodie would accept your services at four or five dollars a week as a lay figure on which to exhibit cloaks. But, I don't know. Then there is teaching. What are your gifts and qualifications, looking to this line of employment?"

Mrs. Jansen shook her head gloomily.

"You are not fit for a teacher. That is clear," said Mrs. Windall, emphatically. "What then? There is needlework; or, in other words, suicide. But, one possessing your gifts and education, would hardly go down to enter into competition with poor, half-starved, needle women. No—no. You were made for something higher and better—for a broader and nobler sphere—for the exercise of talents such as only the few possess. You have dramatic powers of no ordinary kind."

"You are mistaken," replied Mrs. Jansen, warmly, yet with a troubled tone and manner. "And even if I did possess dramatic talents, one thing is certain, I will never go on the stage. Teaching, the needle, store-attendance—anything but that!"

"I did not suggest the stage," said Mrs. Windall. "You misunderstood me. I only referred to your dramatic power as an important element in public reading. That is the guarantee of your high success; a success that will make you independent in the world. A little earnest training of your voice—and a few lessons from a good elocutionist—and you are as certain as the day to succeed. I know your delicacy of feeling—your sensitiveness about coming before the public; but there is a way of self-protection entirely justifiable. You may come out as a public reader, and yet avoid all unpleasant notoriety."

"How?"

"By doing as others have done. Assume a name for public use. No one is hurt thereby. No wrong is intended. The act will be, as I have intimated, simply one of self-protection. A writer has the option of concealing his per-

sonality under a *nom de plume*; and may not a speaker do the same? It is clear enough to my mind; and a little reflection will make it clear enough to yours."

But, against both a public appearance and an assumed name, the feelings of Madeline strongly revolted; and it required all the subtlety and management of the woman in whose power she had fallen, to overcome the delicacy and high sense of honor that were shocked by the proposal. Of all the means used to reduce Madeline to her will, we will not speak. The reader has already seen the dangerous power that Mrs. Windall had gained over her; a power not likely to be relinquished, when its use would serve the purpose she had in view. It was on her side, and against her victim, that with every submission of will to the exercise of that demoniac influence which had laid passive the volition of Madeline, susceptibility increased. Of causes, and the philosophy explanatory of these causes, it is not for us here to speak. We have to do only with a fact that is full of significance and warning.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

Mrs. Barling was a kind, generous, hospitable woman; and it went hard with her, after Mrs. Jansen had been in her house for a month, to let an intimation drop, on the presence of a fitting occasion, to the effect, that it was time she was beginning to try her strength in the world. Of herself, she could not have done this. It was Mrs. Windall who spoke through her.

That hint was sufficient, and Mrs. Jansen, stung to the quick, made almost immediate preparation to leave. It was in vain that Mrs. Barling remonstrated, and in all sincerity urged her to remain longer. The native pride and independence of Mrs. Jansen was hurt, and nothing could reconcile her to stay. The question of going clearly settled, that of when and whither was fairly opened, and grave discussions followed, that only showed Madeline how dark and difficult was the path lying before her, and left her mind deeper in labyrinthine doubts. Half maddened by the pain of her situation, the unhappy woman at last gave up, and dropped, passively, into the hands of Mrs. Windall. A few months of training for the new work upon which she had so reluctantly consented to begin, was considered necessary both by Mrs. Windall and Mrs. Barling, and after strong persuasion and repeated apologies and explanations from the latter, Mrs. Jansen consented



to remain her guest during this time of preparation.

In Philadelphia the first trial was made by Mrs. Jansen, just six months after the fatal day of separation from her husband. The newspapers, jointly with posters displayed all over the city, announced that a Mrs. Aberdeen would give dramatic readings at the Musical Fund Hall on a certain evening. The programme embraced a few well known passages from Shakspeare; the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," by Mrs. Browning; "Horatius," from Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*; "The Raven," and "The Bells," of Poe; with humorous pieces interspersed.

Mrs. Windall had many old acquaintances in Philadelphia, and she did not hesitate about calling on them, notwithstanding her collapse in that city some years before. She trusted to a weakness of memory, the softening influence of time, and her own assurance, for a reëstablishment of former friendly relations. Some, who did not easily forget, and others who could not renew a confidence once betrayed, kept her at a distance; but she found enough ready to forget and forgive the past, and through them was able to create a warm interest in her young and attractive friend, and secure for her a fair audience.

As the hour for Madeline's first appearance in public drew near, a nervous anxiety about the result took possession of her. An active imagination kept the scene in which she was about to participate too vividly before her mind. She saw herself standing alone before a large concourse of people, and felt herself dumb in their presence. How could she lift her voice in calm assurance? How could she lose self-consciousness, and dwell in the ideas and characters she was to represent? It seemed to her impossible. Mrs. Windall, who saw, with deep concern, the state into which she was falling, used all the means of reassurance that were suggested to her thoughts, but without apparent success. The paleness of Madeline's face, its anxiety, and the expression of dread or fear that was settling over it, alarmed her for the result of the evening's experiments.

"This will never do," she said, half kindly, half chidingly, as the evening approached. "Confidence creates success, even where ability is small. In your case, where there is so much talent, all that is needed for triumph is self-assurance. Throw all this timidity to the winds. You are standing at the threshold of a brilliant career; do not, by any

unwomanly weakness, put the result in jeopardy."

"I have no faith in myself," Madeline replied, gloomily.

"While I have all faith. Forget yourself; and be, for the time, the character you assume."

"I cannot forget myself." Some irritation appeared in Mrs. Jansen's manner. "What I am—where I am—and what I am about doing, hold my thoughts in bondage. I see myself shrinking, trembling, dumb in the presence of a multitude. Oh, that I could fly away to some desert, and escape this fiery trial!"

Mrs. Windall was alarmed. She had given Madeline credit for more strength of nerve; had built confidently on success. What was to be done? Madeline's nerves were excited—she must tranquillize them if possible. She took one of her hands. Its coldness struck her with surprise.

"I'm afraid you are not well," she said.

"My head is aching badly," Madeline answered.

"How long has this been?"

"It has been aching all day. Slightly during the forenoon—intensely for the last two hours."

"Why didn't you tell me of this?" said Mrs. Windall, a little sharply. They had been sitting close together, facing each other. Mrs. Windall arose, and standing near Madeline, drew her head against her side. There was a feeble effort on the part of Madeline to remove herself from this contact, but Mrs. Windall smoothed her hair softly with one hand, while she used some force with the other to retain the head where she had placed it. In a few moments, Mrs. Jansen was entirely passive.

"Is your head easier?" asked Mrs. Windall.

"Yes."

"You should have mentioned this before. There is magic in my touch. I have the gift of healing."

Mrs. Jansen made no reply, but sat with her head leaning heavily against Mrs. Windall, like one who had abandoned herself to the enjoyment of that easeful rest which follows pain. A dull kind of stupor followed, from which it required some effort on the part of Mrs. Windall to arouse her. Slowly the mind of Mrs. Jansen came back to a realization of the actual. The audience, in presence of which she had, in imagination, stood weak and shivering, had faded from her eyes. She had forgotten everything external in the dreamy quiet which this syren had thrown around her

spirit. Now, as thought was released from bonds, and imagination went wandering again in the mazes from which it had been withdrawn, the old quiver shook her nerves—the old throb beat in her temples—the old fear took possession of her heart.

"I shall fail!" she said, with visible agitation. "Miserably fail! What folly! Oh, that there were time to recall the announcement."

"If there was one quality above all others for which I gave you credit," replied Mrs. Windall, "it was courage. I never imagined, for an instant, that the woman who could face the issues you have faced alone, standing up so bravely in your own strength, could be coward in so small a thing as this. Think of what is to follow success or failure! If you succeed, you are independent of the world. If you fail, what then? Forget whatever may seem unpleasant in the means, for the sake of the end. Look to the end—to the end, my dear Mrs. Jansen! Away to the goal, and not down to your feet, dreading lest you stumble and fall. The confident command success; the timid and hesitating are sure to fail. Summon the native strength of your character. Let pride come to your aid. Spurn, as unworthy, all that is man-pleasing or man-fearing. Stand up—strong, heroic, daring. Confidence is inspiration."

Madeline turned her face away. There was no power in all these sentences to help her. She felt herself growing weaker and weaker. She was frightened at the prospect before her.

The afternoon had worn away until five o'clock. At eight, Mrs. Jansen was announced to appear at the Musical Fund Hall. Only three hours intervened.

"If you could fall asleep," said Mrs. Windall, who had become alarmed for the result. "Sleep calms the mind, and restores its lost equipoise. Lie down. I will close the blinds. Perhaps you may lose yourself. Even a few minutes of forgetfulness will do much good."

"Sleep!" returned Madeline, almost passionately, "you might as well ask the martyr on his bed of coals to sleep!"

"All this is unworthy of you," said Mrs. Windall, in a rebuking voice. "You are a woman, equipped for life's battle; not a half-grown child. Will you cower and skulk in face of an enemy? Run at the first encounter? For shame!"

The spur went pricking into the sensitive flank, and the dull blood leaped along in fuller currents. The heart of Madeline was a little

stronger. She struggled with weakness, and grew brave.

"All this is unwomanly," she said. "I must rise above it."

"Spoken like your own self," answered Mrs. Windall. "Yes, you must rise above all these petty weaknesses. Strength comes of will. Look onward to achievement; not aside at difficulties. If there be lions in the way, the brave heart shall find them chained."

Evening came. At eight o'clock Madeline passed up from one of the small ante-rooms on the first floor, to the platform, and stood facing the audience, a vision of beauty that sent admiring murmurs throughout the hall. She was not dressed according to her own taste and sense of propriety; nor yet in a manner to satisfy Mrs. Windall. There had been a compromise on this head between manager and debutante. The former contended for low neck, short sleeves, and pink satin; the latter for plain black and a modest arrangement of her dress. A dove-colored silk, rather profusely trimmed, with some hair ornaments, and a gay sash, exhibited this compromise. As there was not much in Madeline's attire to draw attention from her face, which was almost colorless as she advanced in front of the audience, all eyes scanned it with curious interest.

This was the critical moment. Mrs. Windall, who had accompanied her on the stage, held her breath in painful suspense. Madeline, as she stood thus confronting a sea of upturned, curious, expectant faces, felt the old sense of weakness and terror stealing over her. But, rallying herself with a desperate effort of will, she threw out her voice in the opening piece of the entertainment. It was low and unsteady at first, causing a hush throughout the assembly; but soon gained firmness and volume. There were some faults in the elocution; but so much in the whole rendering of the scene she had chosen which took the audience by surprise, that she was greeted with an electric outburst of applause as she turned from the reading desk, and disappeared from the platform. Her second and third pieces were more enthusiastically cheered than the first. In a humorous effort that followed, she was not successful. Her mind was not strung to anything like this. "The Raven" that came afterwards was a surprise, and had to be repeated. Grandly she gave "Horatius," stirring all hearts with a battle scene. Tenderly, and with almost unequalled pathos, she read the "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." Mrs.

Browning herself, had she been present, must have felt some passages quite as deeply as when they thrilled her soul in the first fervors of poetic inspiration.

It was a triumph. Rarely has it occurred that such complete success attended a first appearance in public. One thing was noticeable. The paleness did not leave the face of Madeline. Her beautiful eyes flashed and changed, and her countenance was mobile to every passion and sentiment; but the whiteness remained. A few friends, made during her brief sojourn in Philadelphia, came into the ante-room below after the performance, to offer their congratulations. They found her in an exhausted condition, like one whose strength had been greatly overtaken. She manifested no pleasure when they spoke enthusiastically of her success; and seemed only desirous to get away.

On reaching her room at the hotel, Madeline, who had remained wholly irresponsive to Mrs. Windall, (that person was in a kind of ecstasy over the evening's triumph) asked to be left alone.

"You will have something," said Mrs. Windall, lingering.

"Nothing," replied Madeline coldly.

"You are exhausted by so unusual an effort. Let me send for a glass of wine." Mrs. Windall made a movement as if about to pull the bell.

"No—no!" said Madeline, in a quick, impatient voice. "I said that I wished to be alone," she added, with an assertion of will that took Mrs. Windall by surprise.

The latter withdrew; as she shut the door after her, Madeline turned the key, that she might be safe from further intrusion. Then disrobing herself, she got into bed, and shrinking down among the clothes and pillows, lay as still as if sleep had fallen upon her instantly. But sleep was very far from her eyelids. Every faculty of mind was awake and in action. She had succeeded in her first public reading, far beyond even Mrs. Windall's anticipations. As for herself, she had counted on failure. A nervous fear had, almost up to the last moment, oppressed her. How she overcame the weakness was not clear. She had lost the chain of mental action. A link was missing that she could not find. Blindly she had stepped over a chasm into which she had expected to fall—blindly, and so the way across that chasm was lost, and she could not approach it again in any hope of a safe passage.

As the case stood with Mrs. Jansen, there was no assurance in the future from this night's success. The triumph was only an accident; not a sequence. It was the question of advancing or receding which now fully occupied her thoughts; a question that she meant to determine before the next day dawn. How she determined will appear in the following chapter.

#### CHAPTER XIX.

Three days after Madeline's debut at the Musical Fund Hall, Mrs. Barling received the following letter from Mrs. Windall.

"MY DEAR MRS. BARLING:—I promised to write you fully about Mrs. Jansen's first appearance. After a magnificent debut everything has failed. I write in chagrin and disappointment beyond what I can express. It has turned out as I feared. She has talent, genius, power; but, no faith in herself—nothing of that tenacity of character so essential to high achievement. But, let me come down to the plain facts, and tell the story as it occurred. On arriving in Philadelphia, we took rooms at the United States Hotel on Chestnut street, and I immediately renewed my acquaintance with several dear old friends, of high social position and much influence. The warmest kind of interest was taken in Mrs. Jansen, or rather in Mrs. Aberdeen, the name by which she was introduced. I am sorry to say, that she did not respond with anything of her natural grace, vivacity, and sweetness of temper to the generous interest that every one manifested. She was distant and cold towards all who approached her. The change that became apparent from the time of our arrival in Philadelphia was remarkable. From the beginning of my acquaintance with Mrs. Jansen, I possessed great influence over her; but that influence was strangely broken on our coming here. It seemed as though a new spirit had taken possession of her, which I had no power to exorcise.

"To be brief, Mrs. Jansen lost all faith in herself. She had no confidence in the approaching trial, and persistently talked of failure. Up to the last moment, she held back, and could she have met a single person injudicious enough to utter a doubting word, would have refused to confront the waiting audience. All this I saw, and you may be sure I was in an agony of suspense and fear.

"I took her hand as we ascended from the waiting-room below. It was like ice, and had

a low, quick shiver, that sent a chill along my nerves. 'Courage!' I whispered—'you stand on the threshold of a grand success!' She made no response. I walked out with her upon the stage, holding my breath. The decisive moment had come; I saw her shrink in the presence of an eagerly expectant assembly, and my heart stood still. Another moment, and her voice swept out low and clear, but with slight faltering. My heart went on again. I was assured. Two or three sentences, her voice steadily rising, and then she was in full command of herself. I never saw, in any of our most successful actors, a more perfect absorption of self in the impersonation of a character than was shown by Mrs. Jansen. It was simple inspiration and wonderful! When she retired, at the close of her first piece, the whole house thundered with applause. I caught her hand and wrung it enthusiastically—I filled her ears with praises and congratulations—but she was cold and dumb as a stone. The paleness had not left her face—the thrilling shiver was in her icy hand. She sat down, her lips dropping apart, and remained like a statue until the waiting audience gave signs of impatience; and even then, I had to arouse her for the new effort. As at first, she advanced in the face of the audience in a spiritless, hesitating manner; but she was all life and energy when the work, from which she held back with such a strange reluctance, began. Her second effort was better than the first.

"'Glorious!' I said, as I put my arms around her on receiving her again from the platform. But I might as well have spoken to an image. She sat down as before, in a dull, despairing kind of way, wholly irresponsive. So it continued throughout the evening. Before the audience she was inspired, electric, passionate, wonderful! Out of their presence, a weak, shivering, frightened child.

"'No matter,' I said to myself, as we rode home after her triumph, reviewing in thought the strange contrast of state I have mentioned—she can do the work, and that is the great desideratum—how she does it is a thing of minor importance. She will get over this intense nervousness in time. The wonderful success of to-night, when she comes to review it, will give her a large measure of confidence. All is well! Her future is safe.'

"But, alas! it was not safe! Arrived at the hotel, she went immediately to her room, whither I accompanied her. I saw that she was much exhausted, and urged her to take a

glass of wine; but she refused all refreshment, and desired me to leave her at once alone. I did not think this well, seeing in what a nervous condition the performance had left her, and determined to remain for a time. But, recognizing my purpose, she turned on me with an imperious manner, such as I had never seen her put on before, and pushed me, by will and words stronger than hands, out of her room. I had a glimpse of her character in that moment not seen before. Her husband, in their late quarrel, which led to a separation, was not, I now fancy, all in the wrong. There is a slumbering volcano in her heart, and all volcanos have their periods of irruption.

"My room adjoined Mrs. Jansen's. For two whole hours, I sat close to the partition which separated her chamber from mine, listening intently. Not a sound reached my ears. In the stillness of night, the respiration of a sleeper may be heard at a considerable distance. I hearkened for the sighing breath of Mrs. Jansen, with my ear against the partition; but all was still as death. About twelve o'clock, I became so nervously anxious, that I went out into the passage, and going to her door, knocked gently. 'Who's there?' was instantly called out, in the clear tones of one who was evidently wide awake. 'Are you sick?' I asked. 'No,' was returned. That 'No,' was as full of repulsion as any word flung at me two hours before. I returned to my room and went to bed. It was a long time before I slept. During my wakeful hours I still listened towards Mrs. Jansen's apartment; but the silence there remained unbroken.

"In the morning when I awoke, the sun was shining brightly. Looking at my watch, I found that it was past seven o'clock. Hastily dressing myself, listening all the while for sounds in the next room, but hearing no movement, I went out in the passage. The door of Mrs. Jansen's room stood ajar; I pushed it open and went in. Mrs. Jansen was dressed, and sitting by the window. She turned towards me as I entered, and I saw that her face was still quite pale. Her eyes had a look of purpose in them that in no way lessened the uneasiness I felt.

"'How are you, dear?' I asked, with all the affectionate interest I could throw into my voice and manner, advancing quickly towards her, and grasping one of her hands. I stooped to kiss her, but she turned her head, and refused the salutation. Her hand gave back no pressure.

"'Very well,' she replied, coldly.

"Have you slept soundly?"

"No," she said, without change in the dead level of her voice.

"You are refreshed. The exhaustion of last night has passed away," I continued.

"In a measure," she returned, with the same indifference of manner.

"Let me repeat my congratulations at your triumphant success last night," I said, coming to what was nearest my heart.

"Rather," she replied, at my escape from failure and humiliation. She spoke calmly—I might say, coldly, turning towards me, and looking at me in full self-possession. 'The success was not anything of mine.'

"Whose was it, pray?" I asked, in surprise at her appearance and language.

"I know not," she answered, 'but this I know, that it was not Madeline Jansen who held that audience as in a spell, and extorted admiration and applause. In outward person she stood in face of the assembly, and her tongue, voice and body were instrumentalities, but not her conscious soul.'

"What folly to talk thus," I said, interrupting her—"you are giving yourself to a wild fancy."

"No." How cool and self-poised she was! 'No, not this morning. I have left the region of wild fancies, and possess my reason. All night I have pondered this matter, and my conclusion is reached.'

"What is your conclusion?" I inquired, in painful suspense, for both her manner and her language were troubling me.

"Never again to appear before an audience," she answered, and I saw and felt that her decision was final. There are occasions when the purpose so writes itself in the face that mistake is impossible. I was too much confounded to speak, and she went on. 'It is due to you, after all the trouble and expense to which you have been subjected, that I give plain reasons for what I have declared. The chief reason, I have already intimated. To proceed is to fail. Last night's success came from unknown and intangible causes. I was like one seized by a superior being, and made to act from his strength and volition. In nothing that occurred can I recall myself—can I recognize my own skill, perception, identity. I was lost—passive—possessed—anything that you will; but not myself. To venture on this ground again would be folly, and I have as the result of a night's reflection determined not to venture again. It will be useless for you to argue the point with me; I have resolved, and my resolution is final.'

"I made no attempt to move her from the purpose she had expressed; I felt that it would be useless. Our relation to each other had undergone a sudden and remarkable change. A little while before, and I was conscious of an almost complete influence over her—she was passive to my will. Now she stood like one afar off, whom I tried vainly to reach and influence. She seemed lifted out of my sphere of action—removed to a distance—set in a way wherein my feet were not to walk.

"What do you purpose doing?" I asked.

"I have no settled purpose beyond the one expressed just now. Time will show the ways wherein I must go. There are paths for all feet."

"I left her and went back to my own room, that I might consider the case, and arrive at some conclusion. I am not one to abandon a line of conduct because difficulties rise up in the way. If I cannot climb over a hill, I generally manage to get around it. But I did not get over nor around this obstructing mountain. When I looked again into Mrs. Jansen's room she was not there. Going down, I found her in the ladies' parlor. Approaching, I sat down near her—near her as to person; but in my soul I felt that she was at an immeasurable distance from me—that a gulf had fallen between us which it was impossible to bridge. I wished to refer again to the last night's success—to feel on that subject once more into her mind. But I could not utter a word bearing on this theme. The sentences formed in my thought were scattered like clouds in the wind ere expression could take them. Instead, an inward voice uttered for me the words—"Our ways part here!"

"And there, my friend, they parted. We held only a brief and distant communication, as if we were two strangers sojourning at the hotel. After breakfast she went out alone, and did not return for some hours. In the afternoon she went out again. I noticed, when she came back towards evening, a troubled and disappointed look in her face; but I asked her no question, for I felt that it would be useless.

"The actual result of the evening's entertainment was a loss. At least one-third of the audience came on complimentary tickets, which were freely distributed, in order to get the prestige of a good house. Much was thrown away at the beginning in order to reach a final success. There are printing bills to pay, and other expenses to meet, for which I am, unfortunately, not in funds. To-morrow



I shall leave Philadelphia, and return to your house for a brief season. I have a hundred things I wish to say. Mrs. Jansen's conduct in the matter is bad, consider it as you will. She has caused me to waste a great deal of time, and now involves me in pecuniary embarrassment among strangers. I am distressed and mortified at the result. But she doesn't seem to care a farthing. She is responsible for nothing.

"But I will be with you in a day or two; so adieu for the present.

"AGNES WINDALL."

"P. S.—Since writing last evening, Mrs. Jansen has disappeared from the hotel. She paid her bill early this morning, and left in a carriage before I was up. No one in the office or about the hotel could give me any information in regard to her. After breakfast, through the assistance of a porter in the establishment, I discovered the hackman with whom she went away; I learned from him that he had taken her to the landing at Walnut-street wharf in time for the six o'clock New York train. I have changed my mind about returning at once to Jersey City. Some friends here are very anxious that I shall remain with them for a few weeks, and I am inclined to yield to their importunities. But I trust to see you very shortly. Meantime, I will write you often.

"A. W."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Inward Resources.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

Every true heart derives its happiness, to a great extent, from its inward resources. The outer world is an element that cannot possibly enter into the question of real happiness. External things may satisfy the wants of man's inferior nature, but cannot meet the demands of his nobler spirit. What he has in himself, and not that which is external to him, determines the character and constitutes the measure of his happiness. If he would compass his being's end and aim, his wealth must be in his internal resources, and not in the treasured riches of this life. Cultivated moral affections, deep spiritual feelings, noble thoughts and aspirations, and not the pomp and circumstance of outward things, are the essential conditions of all rational enjoyment. He who has these treasures has in himself a never-failing source of blessedness. In his case hap-

pineness is a philosophical necessity, because moral excellence cannot go uncrowned and unblest. There is neither truth nor fitness of things in the world, if this does not hold as an absolute, unalterable law of our moral being. Truly

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,  
Is virtue's prize."

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

If he have noble themes of thought, he will have noble motives for action, and his character, of necessity, will take the noble impression of his thoughts. His habitual thought must give complexion to both his inward and outward life, because it is the standard of his motives and the rule of his actions. Bearing about him the assured conviction that he acts from purity of thought and rectitude of purpose; that his life has the direct aim to promote with its best powers the cause of heaven and humanity; it were the wonder of all wonders if such a one did not realize in himself the highest possible enjoyment. Consciousness of rectitude in motive and action, and of the ability even to suffer for the right, marks the loftiest style of human happiness, and reveals the hiding-place of both the moral power and spiritual blessedness of the good man. Moved on in the career of duty by the sublime conviction that to *do* on the one hand and to *endure* on the other, is to multiply the triumphs of virtue, and build up the empire of purity in the world, such a spirit has in itself the highest element of spiritual enjoyment.

Then, again, what treasured wealth there is in such a man's memory! How rich in those moral possessions which constitute the inward resources of joy and happiness! How it pays to remember that a man has had a *heart-life* in the world; and that others are now all the happier of his warm sympathies and generous deeds in the fact! Truly, in the sum of such golden memories, one may have moral treasures, the worth of which transcends by far the hoarded wealth of both earth and sea. Compared to what is held in the resources of such a memory, the jewelled crowns of royalty, the splendid triumphs of military chieftainship, or the lauded fame and boasted wisdom of the worldly great, are but as so many feathers in the balance. What are these in comparison of a man's peace and inward quiet! How little is a crown, or glory, or power, or wealth, upon whose soul is the dark stain of guilt! and against whose peace thought, memory, and conscience are so many drawn swords? In

vain did MACBETH inquire of the man of the healing art in reference to her who had murdered the noble DUNCAN, and whose guilty soul was in consequence wrung with bitterest remorse:

"Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivions antidote,  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?"

There can be no real happiness, no essential good, outside of the inner life. Spiritual emotions, deep religious feelings, noble thoughts and purposes—these make up the sources of a good man's joy. These belong to the soul's interior life and are the conditions of its blessedness. They are *personal* and *inalienable*—as much a part of himself as his soul; hence his heart's independence of all external things in the matter of its real and essential enjoyment. He who possesses these internal resources knows the secret of all true happiness; and he may truly say in the language of both reason and triumph—

"MY HEART TO ME A KINGDOM IS!"

## My Mother.

BY EMMA PASSMORE.

My mother, with thy fair and speaking face,  
The lovelight beaming in thy hazel eyes;  
Thy calm, subdued, yet ever present grace,  
Moulding thee in unconscious dignity;  
Thy wealth of raven hair goes rippling down  
Thy high pale brow, where faintly lines of care  
From storms of earth, the hand of time hath sown,  
Dear mother! have I helped to place them there?  
Have I, thy wayward and impulsive child,  
Caused thee anxiety and vain regret?  
Dear mother! now I see thee sweetly smile,  
While with fond tears thy kindly eyes are wet.  
I can remember when thy cheek did bloom  
Like the wild roses fresh from summer's bowers;  
Thou'rt fading, passing life's meridian noon,  
Though time hath scarcely touched thy heart's  
bright flowers.  
The pale rose-flush still lingers on thy cheek,  
The light of youth within thy soft brown eyes—  
Those eyes so full of earnest, honest truth,  
Better than diamonds bright, or argosies.  
Time with a gentle hand hath touched thy hair,  
The silver threads are few and far between,  
Thou seem'st almost a youthful maiden there,  
With slender, graceful form, and kindly mien.

Mother! dear mother! what a debt I owe  
Through all my life to thee, dear friend, to thee!

While journeying through these checkered paths  
below,

Thou art a thing of gladness unto me.  
Mother, dear mother! what a hand is thine,  
To soothe in sickness, or when sorrows fall,  
And doubt, and trembling, all my pathway line,  
Thy angel touch can 'most dispel them all.  
Oh, mother! holy, potent, searching word,  
The sweetest name e'er unto mortals given,  
How many sad hearts hath that whisper stirred,  
Mother! perhaps on earth, perhaps in heaven.  
The child who loves the birds and singing streams,  
Chasing the butterflies and humming bee,  
Or basking in sweet childhood's sunny dreams  
Among the flowers upon the grassy lea,  
Has one pure fountain where hope sits and sings,  
And where the pure, clear hues of faith are  
strewn;  
His mother's heart—to it he fondly clings,  
And knows its truest beatings all his own.

Young man! thou with the proud and haughty  
brow—

What music brings the tears into thine eyes?  
Dost thou not think upon the long ago,  
And hear thy mother's sweet, low lullaby.  
With thy head lying on her stainless breast,  
Ah, did she dream of where thy feet have trod,  
That the babe fondly to her bosom pressed  
Could wander far, far from his mother's God.  
Dash down the wine-cup which thy hand hath  
raised,  
There is a demon in the flowing bowl;  
Burn! burn those cards, o'er thou a gambler  
crazed,  
Perhaps a murderer, wearst a blood stained soul:  
To nerve thy hand there is a mother's prayer,  
And far, far off a dying mother's hymn,  
And near thee sweet-voiced, white-browed angels  
are,  
And guardian wings of holy seraphim.

The aged man just standing on earth's bound,  
Striving to catch a glimpse of spirit-land,  
Thinks he of her who trained his tottering feet,  
And fondled when a child his little hands.  
Ah! he may long to see his wife and child,  
Who through the river have passed on before;  
And yet theirs cannot be the sweetest smiles  
Which for the weary traveller are in store.

Mother! that word in cot or lordly hall,  
With peasant or with smiling courtly dame,  
Do they give out a mother's measure full  
Of heart-love, they are evermore the same.  
Sweet mother! may earth's choicest blessing fall  
On thee, while journeying here where sorrow's  
rife,  
And when thou leavest us, holy spirits call  
Thee to the glories of the better life.

BROOKVILLE, IOWA.

## About Trees.

BY AUNT HATTIE.

Dear readers of Arthur's Magazine:—Did you ever pause and think how closely the memories, the happiness, and perhaps the very uprightness of your life was connected with trees? If you never have, please stop now, and go back clear down to childhood's paths, and trace with me the onward way. A graceful elm grew at the end of the yard, in your old home, its drooping branches straying downward and caressing the short, compact, soaring maple by its side.

When but a little child your feet turned that way each bright, sunny, summer's day, with your favorite kitten at your side, and Katie, your playmate across the road, came creeping through a broken board in the fence, and there you watched the blue-bird on the maple, and the scarlet-headed woodpecker drumming the tough bark of the elm with his bill, and the robin peeping out off a nest that you could scarcely see, so hid was it among the closest branches, and flying off across the meadow to the woods beyond. The kitten laid her head on the brightest dandelion and shut up her eyes and purred away, and you plucked clover blossoms, and plantain leaves, and covered her up; and you took the shoestrings out of your shoes, and the stray pin from your dress, to make her the funniest hood of a mullen leaf for her to wear when her nap was over.

A year later, and the rough bark of the tree held a tiny teakettle made of an acorn, with a bent broom splinter for a handle, and a spout of the same material; and where the kitty slept on the dandelion was a chip fence. Katie lived on one side and you on the other, and the pasture was beyond; and a cow made of a squash, with four upright wooden legs, stood with its curved neck hid in the tall grass as if feeding. You owned the cow, and Katie was waiting for one to grow in her mother's garden, and you visited daily, and drank water out of acorn cups, and coaxed your sisters for slices of buttered bread that invariably fell on the ground butter side down, and yet tasted better than any other even if eaten off a china plate on a spotless tablecloth. Soon the grove by the the brook won your heart from the elm, for you could swing on the grapevine that trailed from one tree to another, and your bare feet could just skim the water that swept into a basin made by the curved bank; and the grapes fell into the brook, and coaxed you to wade out where the stream was up to your

ankles, and curious pebbles glanced up to your sight at every step, and you came back laden not only with the grapes, but an apronful of red, white, and blue stones, that streaked and clouded the clear linen of your pinafore to a nameless hue.

A little older, and the orchard became the dearest spot; and a favorite tree had to be trimmed of all sharp branches by mother's command, for you *would climb*, and she could not mend torn dresses every day; and a board was fastened to a branch to hold your open books; and your knitting work was unrolled there daily, without let or hindrance to your pleasure, only, when some buzzing bee would sing about your ears, and a sudden jump send the ball rolling to the ground; and the kitten, now old enough for a staid cat, would toss and throw it till a tangled mass in the prickly bushes. The red-cheeked apples would go tossing from the branches to the ground at every gust of wind, and then rolling down the sloping bank to the ravine below; and now and then one yellow as gold would fall from the tree that formed your seat plump into your lap, or just dodging your hand and grazing your foot, then lodging on the ground and peeping up to you like a bright eye from its bed of ferns.

Gathering apples for cider making, in the old rickety cart, behind a yoke of sleepy, dozy oxen, was the rarest pleasure! Gloveless, bonnetless, with your dress ripping off with the nice apples stowed away in your pockets for the schoolma'am, and the wind blowing the curls about your eyes, and the rose color creeping into your cheeks, till quiet, demure papa bent down and kissed your lips, and almost wondered aloud "if his little girl was not some strange fairy in disguise."

But time passed on, and you would grow and grow, and by and by you was a young lady, and engaged. Then how you loved the trees, not only the orchard, and the grove by the brook, and the elm, but the noble forest trees where your long walks extended, and you would have wept at thoughts of leaving them, if some one was not by your side telling you of your new home, with its long rows of thrifty young apple trees already beginning to blossom; and the beautiful second growth hickory by the west door, that was already tall and broad enough to shade that side of the house. Well, the new home is yours, and the hickory coaxes the birds, and you sit in the door with your knitting and hear them sing, and watch for the coming of your husband.

The next year you draw the cradle to the door and rock it, and look at the birds a very little, and your baby more, and before many summers have passed three rollicking, laughing, busy boys, that you have rocked in that very cradle, swing, and play marbles, and shout and run in the shade of the self-same hickory tree. Now is the trying time! Your playmate Katie, with her husband and boys, live just down the street; and their orchard—that was to be—is still in imagination; only some poor sour trees, that came up by chance, and grew in spite of browsing by cattle and trimming by little busy hands, exist on their place. Your orchard is older than your children, and by the time they can be trusted to run so far alone, the same red-cheeked and yellow apples, that you loved so well, are tossing on their branches in the sun. All children love fruit, and a shady place at times, and Katie's are no exception; and not only when they have leave, but often when they have no leave—the temptation is so strong, a stray apple goes into their pocket. It is a little thing, and so was the elm that you both took so much pleasure under, when it first sprung to light, yet it grew and overshadowed both your ways, and so may this poor Katie's. The first barrier in their minds of rights of possession is broken down at a tender age, when every impression seems as indelible as the hardened steel. Katie is good and upright, and so is her husband, but their children grow tired of the empty barn and the shadeless grounds, and while yours are happy in the orchard or the west yard, theirs are often found roaming in the streets, picking up chance acquaintances, whose companionship for worthy boys is like acid to iron, corroding all the good.

Alas, poor Katie! poor Katie's coming years! In the long future that I trust is before you all, Aunt Hattie can only walk with you in imagination. When your bright glossy hair whitens like the bleached web, and your steps grow too weary to thread the orchard paths, and the out-branches of your memory all crumble down to the vigorous trunk that grew in childhood, then what pleasure to recall the robin's chirp and the blue-bird's song that the old elm called forth, and the bright, laughing hours that are yours again, as you think over the swings on the grape-vine, and the romps in the orchard, and the sweet, dear kisses from your sainted father's lips, that the flowers have budded and blossomed over so many years.

## There is no Death.

BY J. L. M'CREEERY.

There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore;  
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread,  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize  
To feed the hungry mosses they bear;  
The forest leaves drink daily life  
From the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away:—  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;  
He bears our best-loved thing away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers—  
Transplanted into bliss they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice, whose joyous tones  
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now her everlasting song  
Amid the Tree of Life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,  
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,  
He bears it to that world of light,  
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same,  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear, immortal spirits tread;  
For all the boundless Universe  
Is Life—There are no Dead!

DELHI, IOWA.

In proportion as man's intelligence increases is his labor more valuable. A small compensation is the reward of mere physical power, while skill, combined with a moderate amount of strength, commands high wages.

## LAY SERMONS.

### What Uncle John Said.

"I will make my life glorious."

"Muriel" slipped from the clasp of my nervous fingers as I spoke, and fell in the long, wet grass at my feet. I stooped and picked up the volume hastily, pressing it to my lips and to my heart in passionate reverence, very much, I suppose, as thankful Christian did the precious roll given him by one of the three shining ones. It was the story of a calm, self-sustained, noble-souled woman, who, surrounded by manifold temptations and evil influences, preserved throughout her pristine purity of soul, openly defying the storms of envy, scorn, hatred and malice; grandly soaring above the common-places of life; bravely battling and surmounting every difficulty which lay in the way of glorious achievement, and serenely enduring with martyr-like firmness such trials and crosses as would have crushed to the earth a spirit less resolute and unflinching. A grand, strong, self-centred woman, with no touch of human weakness, and none of those little frailties of mortal nature which appeal to us so often for the exercise of that tender love and charity first taught by our Divine Master. The work had taken a strong hold upon my impressionable mind. My life seemed mean, meagre and common-place. I longed to do something which should lift me out of the narrow circle of my existence into the broader sphere of this beautiful creation that I had enshrined a high priestess in the temple of my heart. I sighed for a wider field of action, and greater scope for the development and exercise of my powers, and for some noble object in life to the accomplishment of which I might devote every energy of my being, making unto myself thereby a name that should stand through all time for a sign of the greatness of human attainment, and a light unto them which are in darkness.

"I will make my life glorious," I said again, with swelling heart.

But how? The birds laughed out in sheer light-someness, peering at me archly from their secret hiding-places; the fresh young foliage over my head leaped and danced merrily in the soft west wind; the brook, upon whose shaded bank I was dreaming away the happy healthful hours of morning, went singing and rollicking on in its pretty, wilful way; even the sunshine, breaking in golden shafts at my feet, smiled mockingly in answer to this question of my thoughts. What had come over me? I was half angry at Nature's gay and happy mood. I longed for a thunder-storm—a tornado—something terrible, startling, overwhelming—something to break up this dreadful, calm, monotonous life, and call forth my native strength.

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Sitting thus alone with my chafing thoughts, I saw Uncle John sauntering leisurely in his thoughtful, meditative way, down the sloping path that led across the little rustic bridge at my left. I called out, impatiently—

"Come help me, Uncle John; I am in trouble."

He came up to me smiling, and sitting down by my side, asked kindly—

"What now, little one? What knotty point in metaphysics am I called upon to decide, I wonder?"

"Oh, Uncle John!" I cried, impulsively, "I have been trying to think how I shall make my life great, and noble, and glorious, like—like 'Muriel's';" and because I could convey no clearer idea of what I would do and be, I laid the book tremblingly in his hands.

He opened it and turned the leaves slowly over, with an air of recognition.

"You have read it?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, Amy," he answered, somewhat contemptuously, I fancied. "I knew the authoress in years ago," he added—"a bold, masculine, free-thinking woman—one of that class distinguished by the doubtful appellation of 'strong-minded'—an earnest supporter of 'Woman's Rights'—a devoted laborer in the work of her emancipation from the servile oppression of that natural tyrant, man—and a diligent instructor in those peculiar duties and privileges pertaining to her 'proper sphere.'"

I gave a little gasp.

"But 'Muriel,' Uncle John," I said, recovering—"isn't it grand?"

"Very."

The tone of sarcasm in which he pronounced the word touched me, and I put out my hand involuntarily to draw away the book, regarding it as "pearls cast before swine." He interpreted my movement.

"I have not intended to condemn the work, Amy, darling," he said. "That it has awakened in one reader high aspirations and impulses for good, is sufficient proof that it is not without merit; but here its mission ends, failing, as it seems to me, in the true object of fiction, since there is nothing in the nature of the characters or events which has any direct bearing upon life and its relations as they really exist. Vague, wild speculations, and theories built upon sand, cannot stand in the place of well-grounded, clearly-defined truths, nor can we make any deductions from them which will serve unerringly as laws and regulations for right, moral action. Very few of us are possessed, like this demi-celestial heroine, 'Muriel,' of an organization so refined from the grossness of matter that we are qualified by instinct to choose the good and refuse the evil; and were we to trust, like her, to our 'spiritual intuitions' alone for guidance, I fancy we should find ourselves not infrequently at



issue with the laws of both God and man. We are not endowed with such superhuman excellencies that we can walk self-confidently, independent of Divine assistance."

"And is this any reason why we should sit down supinely, content with our low condition, making no effort to lift ourselves up to a higher level?" I cried, hotly.

"Not the least, my dear child. But it is a reason why we should not grow arrogant when we are made, through God, the humble instruments of good. It is a reason why we should cast aside the failing prop of self-sufficiency, in lowliness of heart relying wholly upon Him who alone can crown our labors with success, and who 'is able to do exceeding abundantly, above all that we ask or think.' If we would make our lives glorious, we must lay them humbly in His hands. He may not lead us in the ways we should have chosen; He may not bring about such results as seem to us most desirable; He may not make us to stand, clothed in the 'garments of praise,' before our fellows; for often the path of our choice leads down to darkness; the events of our contriving ultimate in evil, and the coveted praise of men is the reproach of God."

"But oh, tell me, best uncle, where am I to find the work which my Father has given me to do?"

"He does not put the laborer and the work apart, dear girl. Question yourself earnestly. Have you no duties unfulfilled? Is every require-

ment of your condition in life fully met—every claim fairly satisfied? Answer to your own conscience, Amy."

"No, no; I will answer to you. Neglected duties cry out against me at every turn; but they are not noble duties, Uncle John."

"Not noble duties?" he repeated—"a cheerful performance would make them so. The most mean and insignificant of tasks may be glorified by a gracious execution. If you shrink from the discharge of small obligations; how will you answer to the requirements of a higher office? 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.' While the duties which God has directly assigned us, be they lofty or lowly, remain unfulfilled, we cannot put forth our hands to other labor without subverting the good we aim at. We must not be too aspiring; we cannot all be master-builders. There must of necessity be many under-workers. But the glory of the work lies, as I said, in a gracious performance. He who lays the steps to a sacred edifice is as noble as he who builds the spire, if he bring an earnest, fervent spirit to the toil. God only requires that we shall do our best in the station where He has placed us. It is not recorded that he who brought the ten talents to his lord was more highly commended than he who brought the four. Each did what he could to serve his master. It is the faithful spirit, Amy, which makes God's workers equal in His sight.

A. L. M.

## MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

### Mother's Needle.

BY M. D. R. E.

What a curious little implement it is! Insignificant in appearance, it makes but little show among the household treasures; and yet, without this tiny bit of polished steel, the various appointments of the most neatly arranged work-box would be of very little use. Small as it is too, we are indebted to its untiring industry for most of our home comforts.

It has been aptly remarked, that a needle is a peculiar gift to woman. How many little bits of time it helps her to improve! How many moments, that to the other sex are but idle moments, are filled up, and well filled, by this truly feminine employment of needlework!

Then too, it is a graceful occupation. How well that snowy muslin contrasts with the dark morning dress, with whose folds it mingles; how deftly the little fingers ply the embroidered seam; and how swiftly too they fly! No time is lost. While you are simply looking on and admiring, balancing

the scissors in your unoccupied hands, or, with the ready mischief found for those idle members to do, rifling and deranging the contents of your companion's work-basket, the work is progressing. Perhaps before your store of commonplace topics is exhausted, the nimble implement of industry has finished its task, and some heart may be gladdened by this wise occupation of spare moments.

But "mother's needle" pricks not out for itself such pleasant paths as these. It may be that no appreciating eye looks on and commends its praiseworthy efforts; albeit they are made for the common weal and common wealth both. Neither is there much room for romance, or settling in picturesque attitudes to sew, when Will or Johnny are sadly out at elbows; and the tired fingers are toiling from morning till night to keep half-worn garments whole and decent. Nor does "mother's needle" cease when the day's labor has for others come to a close. While you sleep, and the little ones dream over again their merry pastimes, who, with straining sight and aching side and breast, bends over the last stitches that must be taken in

the new jacket, that is promised for to-morrow's wear; or with inventive skill contrives patches that will be invisible, and darts to pass muster in a crowd, on some garment not yet wholly given up as irremediable? Who but the patient imitator of Burne's "auld gude wife," in his inimitable poem of the *Cotter's Saturday Night*—the mother who

"—wi' her needle an' her shears,  
Maks auld claes luk amaist as weel as new."

Then besides these night tasks and solitary vigils there is a constant demand for "mother's needle" through all the hours of the day. Those unfortunate buttons, whose tendency to be among the missing has been the theme of many a story, what a hue-and-cry is raised about them; and how unjustly the poor needle is blamed, for not keeping them in their places. Buttons have been as the bone of contention between many a pair, whose "souls" were once "above buttons." Then Mary has fallen down and torn her frock, or Charley, in one of his frolicsome moods, has essayed the feat of scaling the picket fence instead of quietly walking in at the open gate, and lo! what a formidable rent! This is his second best suit, and his summer ones are yet uncut from the web; so with a sigh, the book or magazine which has been taken up to satisfy the mental craving, or recreate the overtasked mind, must be patiently laid down again, and "mother's needle" brought forth, threaded, and set to work. So with all the little calls that are constantly made for this peculiar woman's craft. Here is a glove that needs some stitches; one or two will retain that hat-band in its place. "If mother will only sew on this ball cover—she can do it so nicely;" or, "fit dolly's frock waist;" or, as a last resort, "teach little daughter to sew," are some of the extra employments furnished for "mother's needle," by the juvenile members of the family.

But this last item in the list of wants, reminds me of that balm which heals the point-pricks that "mother's needle" has made. If she be a faithful mother, and have brought up her daughters wisely, there will come a time when her little instrument of industry will have more than one of its species to keep it company. The tiny specimen of patch-work will be followed by the neatly made apron, or the ambitious attempt at overseam. From making dolly's dresses, but a few steps will be necessary to the making up of real garments; and in olden times, the girl who could mix a pudding and stitch a shirt, was accounted fit to be a housekeeper in her own right. Now, with such efficient help, how merrily "mother's needle" dances along! The great heap of clothes wanting mending, just brought in from the ironing table, rapidly disappears beneath united efforts; and the equally formidable task of constructing and contriving new apparel, has lost half its terrors. No longer is the interesting volume laid aside for a more con-

venient season; no need for the favorite periodical to remain with leaves uncut, or only longingly opened, between taking needlefuls of thread, for a stealthy peep. Plenty of time for both sewing and reading now; and the mother actually grows young again, as she returns with a new zest to the gratification of her mental appetite.

But my readers will say, that this bondage to the needle only belongs to women of the lower or middle classes. Many mothers have no occasion to set a stitch either in their own or their children's garments. They employ seamstresses, and dressmakers, and even menders—for sometimes a pinching economy will be practised in these lower matters, even when large sums are squandered on articles which make a show. Granted—and there are mothers also, who never share with their humble sisters the exquisite pleasure of nursing their infants, caring for them by day, watching over them by night. But these make the exception, not the rule. Ninety-nine in a hundred of those who bear the maternal name are painstaking, careful, and generally careworn mothers. To such let me say there is a good time coming, when, if you educate your children aright, there will be a sharing of the burdens of domestic life, a spring to the tune of "mother's needle."

Modern science has also provided a remedy for this overtaxing of the delicate mother, often when she has the most need of all her strength. A few years ago, the idea of a needle moving by machinery, and turning out a garment ready made in less time than could formerly be accomplished by a half dozen seamstresses, would have been regarded as equally chimerical with the modern miracles wrought by the electric telegraph or wonder-working steam. But now, quietly installed in the parlors of the rich, as one of their chief ornaments; welcomed by the poor as the friend that enables them to forego their midnight tasks, and causes work to be more plentiful and better paid; used by the scores and hundreds in all those manufactories for clothing where women are employed, are to be found those wonderful sewing machines, which, among other labor-saving inventions of the times, are designed to effect a change in the moral and social condition of the female sex. More time being allowed for acquiring useful knowledge, and greater facilities afforded for educating the lower classes, many of those evils, which are now the fruit of ignorance, and early initiation into the hard places of life, will be banished.

A more acceptable present to a young wife and mother, from the partner of her life, or made by the wealthy to some poor and deserving female, who has almost worn out her life's energies by constant application to her needle, can scarcely be imagined than the gift of a good, serviceable, complete sewing machine, which may help, although it cannot entirely supersede, the efforts of *MOTHER'S NEEDLE*.

PARKESBURG, Chester Co., Pa.

## BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

### "Stop Her! Stop Her!"

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

It was a terrible gale, through which the good steamer ploughed her path away out on the broad Atlantic. The heavy clouds coursed like gray woollens the face of the sky, the great waves rushed and thundered at the vessel, and clutched and struck at her with their fierce hands, and dashed over her decks the salt spray of their wrath, and rocked her to and fro—the stately steamer, as she struggled onward with the winds and the waves leagued together for her death. The dinner was over, a few of the bravest of the passengers—determined to face all danger for the sake of witnessing that sublime spectacle, a storm at sea—were plunging and stumbling their way up the stairs to the deck, when one of these suddenly stood still, every nerve thrilled with the awful terror of the words which had smote his ear from the lips of the chief officer—that cry which is the most fearful—the most significant of danger and death of any words which can be uttered on board a ship—

"Stop her! Stop her!" The command rang like a clarion above the hoarse fury of the wind—above the awful tumult of the waves. The captain caught the sound, and the next moment, swift and sudden as lightning, he had rushed past his appalled passenger, his white face only betraying the dread at his heart.

Was an iceberg sailing down upon them—a vast white mountain ready to grind, and crush, and bury the doomed vessel under her cold feet? Had the fair steamer, which had set her face so proudly towards the west, sprung a sudden leak, and must the anxious freight of hearts she carries, go down at last under those hungry waves; and must the eyes that watched and waited for the beloved at home, grow dim with weeping for those who came not?

"Stop her! Stop her!"

The swift thoughts—the terrible fears gave new courage to the passenger who was groping his way to the deck, and almost as soon as the captain mounted it, the former was at his side. Their eyes swept the wide, heaving ocean, and on the right they beheld six men struggling and battling for life with those mad waves, six men suddenly swept overboard! In a moment a boat was lowered. It did not seem possible that she could live a moment in that awful sea; but there were plenty of brave hearts on board to risk their lives for the lives of their brothers, and in a moment, manned by stalwart hearts, she put off. Then came the

long hope, and fear, and waiting on board the steamer—the straining of eyes through the storm for the sight of the little boat struggling her way towards the drowning men. At last she was seen returning. The passengers gathered in a breathless crowd to watch her, and count the number of her rescued. There were four in the boat—there had been six overboard!

One old man, his hair snowed white with the winter of his years, pressed forward—his son was among the missing! The old man's face was white as his son's was, whether it lay unconscious in the boat, or had gone down in the triumphing waves. The old father leaned over and searched the faces in the boat. They were four, but the one for which he sought was not there!

"My boy is lost!" cried the old man, in a voice that made the heart of every passenger stand still, so full was it of human loss and anguish. All alone now the old man must make his way to the new, strange country, whither he and his son were going together—whither the brave heart and the strong arm had lured the old and feeble one, in the hope of building up a new fortune; and this was all the tidings he had now to send to the loving mother, who sat waiting and full of tremulous tenderness at home—this was all to the fair, young sister, who had sent out her last farewell on a sob—"Our boy is lost."

Dear children, whose young eyes may be dimmed for pity of the broken-hearted old man, this story is not all of my fancy. I had its principal facts from the lips of the passenger who witnessed that father's anguish over his boy that was, and is not. And I have written it for you here, with this still May afternoon leaning towards the night, with the soft, furrowed clouds folding away the fair face of the spring sky.

"Stop her! Stop her!" Never, on board some steamer ploughing her path through the storm, may you hear that cry; but oh, on another sea, where have gone down many and princely freights, there will assail you terrible storms of wind and wave!

"Stop her! Stop her!" In the gales of passion and the storms of life may your soul learn the meaning and majesty of that call!

"Stop her! Stop her!" If the breakers are ahead—if the rocks lie before—if the path on which you are going is in anywise the path of sin, the way of death!

Be vigilant, be prompt on the broad Atlantic of your life, for there "the winds may arise, the rains beat," and where loss and ruin lie before the path of your fair and stately ship: "Stop her! Stop her!"

## HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

[We copy the following from the "Herald of Health," published in New York, and particularly commend it to the notice of housekeepers. If good pastry can be made without lard or butter, the gain to weak stomachs will be very great.]

### Pies and Pie Crusts.

BY MRS. MATTIE M. JONES,

Matron of the Hygienic Institute, 16 Laight st., N. Y.

Pies, as usually made, are among the greatest abominations of modern cookery. The idea of eating a piece of bread an inch in thickness, covered with from one-quarter to a-half or a whole inch of lard or butter, would, by every sane person, be considered preposterous. But people use these same proportions of flour and grease in their pastry, thinking it delicious! Consult any of the ordinary cook books, and you will find the recipes for pastry varying from half a pound to a pound of lard or butter to each pound of flour, and white flour at that! Can anything be conceived much more indigestible?

But pastry without either butter or lard for "shortening," and a pie without spices or seasonings of any kind except sugar, must be a very insipid affair! most cooks would exclaim.

Very far from it, as the experience of thousands prove. Pies may be made far more delicious to the natural taste, without any of these ingredients, and at the same time be nearly as wholesome as plain bread and fruit.

We give below recipes for making quite a variety of pies, which any cook, after a little practice, can succeed in making, provided she has a heart in the work, and desires to see hygienic cooking take the place which it deserves.

**POTATO PIE-CRUST.**—Boil one quart dry, mealy potatoes. The moment they are done mash them and sift through a colander. Stir thoroughly together one cup Graham flour and one cup white flour; then add the potatoes, rubbing them evenly through the flour, in the same manner as the shortening in common pie-crust. Have ready one cup corn meal; pour over it one and one-third cups boiling water, stirring it till all the meal is wet, then add it to the potatoes and flour, mixing only till thoroughly incorporated together. No more flour should be added. The moulding board should be well covered with dry flour, however, as it is slightly difficult to roll out. It should be rolled very thin, and baked in a moderate oven, care being taken that it is not overdone, as a little too much baking is apt to render it tough.

**NOTE.**—It is very essential that the above conditions should all be complied with. Bear in mind that the potatoes must be hot, and mixed immediately with the flour; the water be poured while boiling upon the

corn meal, and the whole mixed together very quickly and baked immediately. Inattention to any of these requisites will be quite apt to insure failure.

**CREAM PIE-CRUST.**—Take equal quantities of Graham flour, white flour, and Indian meal; rub evenly together, and wet with very thin sweet cream. It should be rolled thin and baked in an oven as hot as for common pie-crust.

**NOTE.**—This makes excellent pastry if properly baked. Many patients have said to us they did not see how they could ever again relish the pastry in common use (this is so much sweeter and more palatable, to say nothing of its wholesomeness). It is more generally relished than the potato crust, although not quite so hygienic, the cream being the only objectionable feature.

**PUMPKIN PIE.**—Select a pumpkin which has a deep, rich color, and firm, close texture. Stew and sift in the ordinary manner; add as much boiling milk as will make it about one-third thicker than for common pumpkin pie. Sweeten with equal quantities of sugar and molasses, and bake about one hour in a hot oven.

**NOTE.**—Those who will try this method will be surprised to find how delicious a pie can be made without eggs, ginger, or spices of any kind. The milk being turned boiling hot upon the pumpkin, causes it to swell in baking, so that it is as light and nice as though eggs had been used.

**SQUASH PIE.**—This is even superior to pumpkin, as it possesses a richer, sweeter flavor, and is far preferable. It is made in precisely the same manner as pumpkin pie.

**SWEET POTATO PIE.**—Boil and sift through a colander nice, ripe, sweet potatoes, then add boiling milk, and make the same as pumpkin pie.

**SWEET APPLE PIE.**—Parse mellow, sweet apples, and grate them upon a grater. A very large grater is necessary for this purpose. Then proceed as for pumpkin pie.

**SOUP APPLE PIE.**—Take nice, tart apples— Spitzenbergs are best, although pippins, greenings, russets, &c., are excellent. Slice them; fill the under-crust an inch thick; sprinkle sugar over them; add a spoonful or two of water; cover with a thin crust, and bake three-fourths of an hour in a moderate oven.

**PIE PLANT PIE.**—Remove the skins from the stalks; cut them in small pieces; fill the pie-dish evenly full; put in plenty of sugar, a teaspoonful of water; dredge a trifle of flour evenly over the top, cover with a thin crust, and bake the same as apple pie.

**NOTE.**—If the stalks are not very tender, it is better to partially stew before baking.

**APPLE AND PIE-PLANT PIE.**—Equal quantities of apple and pie-plant, made in the same manner as all pie-plant are, make an excellent pie.

**CURRENT PIE.**—Some fruits, such as currants and gooseberries, are regarded by physiologists as equally wholesome at all stages of their growth. They are made into pies by simply stewing them, and sweetening according to the change of acidity, and baking between two crusts in the ordinary manner. Or better still, merely fill the pie with them, without any previous cooking. Sprinkle sugar over; dredge in a little flour, and bake the same as apple pie.

**GOOSEBERRY PIE.**—This is made in precisely the same manner as currant pie; it is very palatable.

**CHERRY PIE.**—Choose fair, ripe cherries, the large black English being the best for this purpose; wash and look them over carefully; fill the pie-plate evenly full; strew sugar over the top; dredge in plenty of flour; cover with a moderately thick upper crust, and bake one hour.

**CHERRY PIE (another form).**—Pit the cherries and make the same as the first. In neither case should any water be used. The first is much the better method, as pie in which the pits are retained possesses a richer flavor.

**RASPBERRY PIE.**—This stands at the head of the list of all berry pies in point of excellence. Take nice ripe berries—either red or black are about equally good; wash and pick them over carefully; place them an inch or more thick on the under crust; strew a small quantity of sugar and a trifle of flour over them; put on the upper crust, and bake half an hour.

**BLACKBERRY PIE.**—This is made in the same manner as the preceding. All berries for pies should be ripe, or nearly so, and as fresh as possible.

**WHORTLEBERRY PIE.**—Whortleberries make excellent pies, and are in market usually longer than any of the summer fruits. They are made in the same manner as raspberry pie.

**STRAWBERRY PIE.**—Is made in the same way also. This fruit is rather acid, and requires considerable sugar to make it pleasant.

**CRANBERRY TART.**—Wash the berries in a pan of water, rejecting all the bad ones; simmer them till they become soft and burst open; strain through a fine wire sieve, removing all the hulls; add sugar to the taste; bake on a thick under-crust in a moderate oven.

**PEACH PIE.**—Select rich, juicy peaches, of a rather small and nearly uniform size. They should be very ripe; wash them thoroughly, to remove all the fuzz; fill the pie-dish with them; sprinkle sugar and a little flour over them; add a table-spoonful of water; cover and bake about one hour.

**NOTE.**—If whole peaches are not very ripe, it is better to pare, stone and slice them.

**PLUM PIE.**—Is made in the same manner as the peach pie. It is not as wholesome, as it requires so much sugar to make it at all palatable.

**APPLE PUFFS.**—Make a crust the same as for cream pie-crust, using rather thicker cream, however; roll as thin as possible; cut out in small round cakes with a common biscuit cutter; take one of these, wet it around the edge, and place in the centre a teaspoonful of apple sauce. Take another, and cut with a small cracker-cutter a hole in the centre about one inch in diameter; place the ring which is left upon the first one, and pinch the edges tightly together. Bake in a quick oven.

**NOTE.**—These, if rightly made, are very nice. Any kind of fruit may be used in place of apple sauce, by stewing it and simmering down till very little juice remains.

**DRIED WHORTLEBERRY PIE.**—To two quarts dried whortleberries add one pint dried plums; look over carefully; add sugar to the taste, and stew as for the table; bake between two crusts about one hour.

**DRIED ELDERBERRY PIE.**—Is made in the same manner, and nearly as good as the preceding.

**NOTE.**—All kinds of dried fruits, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, &c., make very good pies by simply cooking as for the table. The more juicy they can be made, without having the juice run out in baking, the better they will be. By simply wetting the upper edge of the under crust, and pinching the crusts firmly together, they will adhere more closely.

We have been much more minute in giving these recipes than persons conversant with cookery would deem at all necessary. We have done so, because hundreds of ladies who have no practical knowledge of even the ordinary methods of cookery, are yearly adopting our system, and as they generally find it impossible to obtain help in their own homes who are at all conversant with it they feel the necessity of learning its details for themselves. Many persons also, both ladies and gentlemen, who are boarding in hotels and boarding houses, desire this kind of diet, and are seldom able to obtain it, and prefer, therefore, cooking for themselves, to living upon the food they would otherwise be compelled to.



## TOILET AND WORK TABLE.

We copy from our last received number of the "London Lady's Newspaper" the following items on fashion:—

THE IMPORTANT SUBJECT OF BONNETS, and the form they are likely to assume during the forthcoming summer, is still a disputed point. Will they continue to be worn *high*, or are we to wear Marie Stuarts? are questions anxiously asked, but which as yet nobody can answer with any degree of certainty. All we can say on the subject is, that we have not as yet seen the Marie Stuart bonnets adopted at any of the fashionable resorts, although we are constantly assured, on what would generally be considered reliable authority, that nothing else is to be worn. In Paris the same indecision prevails; the ladies of the Court and of the *Chaussée d'Antin* continue to wear the high upright bonnets, while the fair denizens of *Faubourg Saint-Germain* and *Saint Honoré* have all adopted the Marie Stuart form—not the decided Marie Stuart with a pointed front, as the title would indicate, but with the front slightly coming forward and lowered, imparting a very modest, quiet appearance to the wearer—so much so that French milliners have christened this form "The *Quaker bonnet*." But one thing is certain, whether the Marie Stuarts are ultimately adopted in London or not, and that is that all the newest forms are made much smaller and less exaggerated, and follow more closely the outline of the face than was the case a month or six weeks ago. Although they are still cut so that there is a considerable distance between the top of the front and the forehead; and although they are very narrow at the sides, so that in many cases the ears are partially visible, still we see a very striking modification, and a return to a better proportioned style.

The most fashionable bonnets which came under our notice were made partly of white chip, or fine rice straw, and partly of white tulle-illusion or *crêpe*. The fronts and curtains were made of the chip or straw, and the crowns in soft hanging tulle. The forms of all were slightly bent down in the centre, and the trimming (generally moss, grass, hops or ferns) was placed at the top of the crown, and arranged so as to hang gracefully over the soft tulle on to the curtain. The caps were formed of white and green *crêpe* or tulle, with a spray of the flowers or grasses at one side. We have also seen many straw bonnets arranged with half-handkerchiefs of straw-colored ribbon, edged with long straw fringe, which fell over the front on to the cap inside, whilst a bouquet, composed of broad, fancy straw ribbon and straw flowers, was arranged at one side. The curtains were edged round with small hanging straw buttons.

Black horsehair bonnets, trimmed with white or plaid ribbons—*crêpe* bonnets, trimmed with *ruches*

of the same color—or with white blonde and fine rice straws arranged in the manner we have described, are the three most popular styles at the present time. Parisian ladies display a more decided partiality for plaid ribbons than their English sisters. Recently, at one of the races which have taken place in France, the Empress wore a black horsehair bonnet, trimmed with a plaid ribbon and a plaid feather.

The bodices of morning dresses are made plain, with two small points in front; some are cut slightly square at the throat, a becoming and comfortable style to those who cannot wear the high, closely-fitting linen collar. The back of the bodice has frequently a small basque in the centre; this is formed of three-pointed straps of the material, the centre one being longer than the two others; these are held together with gimp or lace, and are generally joined on to the bodice with a box plait. They are novel but fantastic looking, as are the ribbon sashes which are tied at the back in large bows midway down the skirt; these latter are much worn in Paris by young ladies from twelve to fifteen years of age; the ribbon is carried round the front of the waist in its full width, cutting the bodice in two, and giving the wearer a very ungraceful appearance. Sleeves are decidedly narrow, and are cut to resemble closely a gentleman's coat-sleeve, only with short epaulettes at the top. Circular cloaks of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to correspond with it, are very fashionable for morning wear. For taffetas dresses the Russian leather-color, or, as it is termed, "the new brown," is so popular that it has become common, so frequently do we meet with it in all places where silk dresses congregate, the azuline, or Mexican blue, being its only formidable rival. If trimmed at all, the black lace insertion over white silk, or the black velvet ribbon with white edges, are employed for ornamentation, so tenaciously are black and white trimmings adhered to. These ornaments are frequently carried up the seams of the skirts, and in such cases there is no trimming round the bottom.

The newest petticoats (garments which are at the present day fully as important matters as any in the toilette) are white ones, braided with black worsted braid. There is a deep hem round the edge, and above it the braided design is carried about a quarter of a yard. The design should be elaborate to produce a good effect. The striped cotton petticoats, so much in vogue during the past two years, are now entirely discarded; they were failures in that the colors gradually washed out, and then the petticoats assumed a very shabby appearance. They are now replaced by French rep, jean, and cashmere, which, although more expensive, prove more satisfactory in the end. In

Paris, the gray and white and black and white stripes, with plaid borders round the bottom above the hem, are very popular. In London, a noted West-end tradesman has caused poplin petticoats to be manufactured, with plaid bands woven into the material; these are very handsome, the color of the poplin assimilating, of course, with the color of the dress. Although no founces will be worn on dresses, they will be frequent upon petticoats. Under morning dresses, for example, nankeen-

colored jean will be generally trimmed round the edge with a founce with a marron stripe on it, and above the founce a marron band. Under black, gray, and Russian leather-colored taffetas dresses a turquoise-blue cashmere or rep petticoat is frequently worn in Paris; this is trimmed with a plaited founce of the same, ornamented with black velvet. This blue petticoat can only be worn with dresses of the colors indicated, as it does not assimilate with every shade.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL IN ALL AGES AND NATIONS, AND IN ALL CHURCHES, CHRISTIAN AND PAGAN, DEMONSTRATING A UNIVERSAL FAITH. By William Howitt. In two vols. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The grand error of this and most books of its class, is the assumption, open or implied, that intercourse with spirits must signally advance the moral state of the world. Human nature is the same in all ages, and will not improve on compulsory belief. Miracles take away rational freedom, the basis of all true moral improvement,—they compel faith, and so bind the reason. It is now, as it was in the time of our Lord's first advent,—“They will not believe though one rose from the dead.”

The facts set forth in these two volumes, embracing over a thousand pages, are some of them very extraordinary and difficult of credence. But the author has clearly made out his case as to the nearness and direct action of the spiritual upon the natural world. That mind must be very obtuse as to evidence—very hard and material indeed—which, after reading this book, can assume that all the phenomena given are but mental delusions, or explainable on the basis of physical or magnetic laws. The right value of the book is that appertaining to Mr. Owen's “Footsteps on the Boundary of Another World”—the presentation of such a mass of evidence touching the reality of a spiritual world, that only the most corporeal and materialistic can fail to be convinced; but, unlike Mr. Owen, Mr. Howitt does not leave his facts for common use. He must promulgate doctrines and theories; and here, like most other theorists, he is in danger of leading people astray. We think him seriously in error when he asserts that miracles must attend the Church. They were given in an age when belief—the merest shell of that true faith which comes of a reason illustrated by Divine truths—asked for sensuous demonstrations, and God gave them in mercy. In no other way could He then lift the debased mind, or open it to an acknowledgment of Divine power. In our age there are thousands and hundreds of thousands within the bounds of Christendom, who, from delving amid

sciences, or from sensualism, have no faith in the spiritual—cannot believe in anything as real and substantial, which is not to be handled, seen, or revealed by natural tests. To correct this error, what are known as “spiritual manifestations” have been permitted. Their use is low, and they are serving their use. Mr. Howitt claims for them a higher mission than any for which they were designed. But spiritual regeneration comes through no open intercourse with spirits in the other world. It is alone attainable through a life in which evil is rejected and good done. Truth must come rationally—not of compulsion—to the mind; and then, in a state of freedom to do good or evil, that truth must give impulse to the man's life. There is no other way into the Kingdom of Heaven, and all who try to reach it by any other means will never pass the gates or enter the Holy City.

Reader, if you believe from rational evidence in the reality of a spiritual world—a world more perfect, and substantial, and enjoyable than this—a world of souls in real spiritual bodies, seeing and hearing, touching, and tasting, as here, but with a more exquisite sense of reality and enjoyment, you have no use for Mr. Howitt's book. It may interest you as curious, and give you facts by which to help others, but it will offer little more than husks in its effort to prove what to you are abiding convictions. If you doubt and deny the existence of spirits, and their actual presence with men, the book may help to correct your error, for it presents a mass of facts that, unless you are strangely organized, you will find it harder to question than believe.

THE GENTLEMAN. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Philadelphia: W. S. & A. Martien.

A book that should have a wide circulation. It is written in the best style of literary art—is a model of composition—chaste, elegant, scholarly. The author looks down through all disguise and pretension, and shows you that moral excellence, which puts on the true Christian exterior, makes the gentleman; all else being only shabby counterfeits. How beautifully he draws the portrait of Charles Lamb, setting that of George IV. against

it as a foil.—Of the Chevalier Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney—of St. Paul—of Washington, and other true historic gentlemen. In three words, he gives you a likeness of Napoleon Bonaparte—"A sublime snob!"—and he proves his epithet by facts. He says of him: "In the treatment of women he was unmannerly and unmanly. He made his mother stand in his presence! It was not the Cæsarian conqueror, it was the imperial *parvenu* that kept kings waiting in his ante-chamber; a gentleman had been eager that their strange subordination were as little felt as might be."

Get the book; it is not large—only a hundred and fifty pages. If you have any refinement of soul, any aspirations after true excellence, any desire to be a true gentleman, that is, a true man, you will not only enjoy its pages, but have your ideas purified and elevated. The author has done a good service. Practically, it is his best book.

**A FIRST LATIN COURSE.** Comprehending Grammar, Delectus, and Exercise Book. With Vocabularies. By William Smith, LL.D. Revised by H. Drisler, A.M., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, New York. New York: *Harper & Brothers*. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

This little volume, the first of a series of elementary works in preparation by Dr. W. Smith, will, we think, supply a want which has long been felt by teachers of youth. Designed for beginners, it has the great merit of brevity, combined with clearness, giving the essentials of grammar without unnecessary detail or minute exceptions.

Part I. is to be followed by a Second Part, containing the remainder of Woodford's Simplified Cæsar, and also by a revised edition of L'Homond's "Viri Romæ."

**INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE.** By D. D. Home. With an Introduction, by Judge Edmunds. New York: *Carlton*. Philadelphia: *T. B. Peterson & Co.*

The story of his life and experience, given by Mr. Home, is simple, honest, and unpretending—limited chiefly to what he saw and felt in his strangely abnormal states as a medium of communication with spirits.

For our own part, so extraordinary are the statements given, yet so well corroborated by fair and honorable witnesses—men who had no motive for deception—that we find it easier to believe that the spirits present during Mr. Home's *séances* wrought on the senses by an interior way, and produced appearances on the brain of things not actually existing in the material world, than it is for us to believe in the suspension of natural laws through the will of a few men or spirits. Of the two horns in this dilemma, one is much more easily reached in our mind than the other; and so we take the one our reason can most readily grasp.


We do not question the seeming fact of table-moving and suspensions in the air, but we doubt the actuality of the things in natural space. We believe in the presence of spirits during these

manifestations, and as the cause of them; but we have no great faith in the truth, honor, virtue, or high intelligence of spirits who engage in such deceptive or silly discourse and act with men and women as we find recorded in this and other books from mediums and observers. As for the thin film of morality and religion occasionally spread over the communications of spirits, we can get more from the Sermon on the Mount or from a few texts of Scripture in five minutes, than in a year's reading of medium nonsense.

Still, there are those to whom these things serve a use, or they would not be permitted. But the whole thing must be rejected as an orderly means in the development of right reason, the only basis of true spiritual growth.

**TYTLER'S UNIVERSAL HISTORY.** New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This is a very valuable book for young students of history. It embraces a period from the creation of the world to the decease of George III. Parents ought to inculcate early the reading and the love of history in their children. It will form a source of much enjoyment and profit to them through their whole lives. These six little volumes are a very valuable foundation to a general course of historical reading.

 **"The American Publishers' Circular and Literary Gazette,"** issued semi-monthly in this city by George W. Childs, 628 and 630 Chestnut street, affords the desired medium between publishers, booksellers, and book-buyers. The number now before us contains a list of books issued in the United States since the 1st of January, 1863, covering ten closely printed, double column, octavo pages. This activity in the book trade, while we are in the midst of a terrible war, and with all the materials required in-book making advanced not less than fifty per cent. in price, shows how necessary intellectual food has become to our people. We give the titles of various articles in the first number of the "Circular," that its scope and value may be seen. "London Correspondence;" "The Authors at Home;" "The Authors Abroad;" "Changes in the Trade;" "Literary Intelligence;" "Notes on Books and Booksellers;" "Periodicals;" "Notes and Queries;" "Announcements," etc.

**SMITH'S CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.** By William Smith, LL.D. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This new edition has been prepared with great care by the author. It embodies a vast amount of research of Greek and Roman biography, mythology, and geography. It has been revised, with numerous corrections and additions, by Charles Anthon, LL.D.

"The present work contains all the names of any value to a school-boy occurring in Lempriere, and a great many not in that work."

## EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

### MISTAKES.

It is never pleasant—it is never self-flattering—it is sometimes useful—it is sometimes *best* in many senses to climb up the mountain heights of the present, and looking over that life-path, winding up and broadening through the years, mark there the *mistakes* which lie scattered like the wrecks of noble ships, or the ruins of stately palaces, along it. There is no getting rid of, or round them. There they are, and we must look them straight in the face, just as we must look any sorrow, any care, any misfortune! They are facts!

"If I could only live my life over again, how different the living should be!" You shall hear many people say this, always in some minor key, of sadness, disappointment, regret, or remorse; and this is always a tacit acknowledgment of mistake—mistake, which was the result of a wrong heart, or a weak head; mistakes whose influences and results can never be undone, but which must always lie darkling in the past, always trail their shadows through the present, and never drop entirely out of the future.

Somebody has said, wisely and well, that "A heart which is always right, will never let the head go very far wrong." This, in a broad sense, and in the long tug and strain of life, certainly holds true. But, in a limited and temporary sense, there is certainly another side to the statement. The finest and broadest natures—those most informed with high thoughts, and vague but heroic aspiration—the warm, vital, enthusiastic natures, whose emotions shall yet crystallize into earnest purposes, whose ardor and aspiration shall settle down into earnest, steadfast working, will generally make mistakes—will come out of them scarred, it may be, but wiser, sadder, better.

These are those who easily thrill responsive to all high-sounding sentiment—to all talk which savors of truth, beauty, heroism; these are they who are frequently led astray by the very best part of themselves, who believing in all things lovely and of good report, in the tenderness of womanhood, and the knightly bravery of manhood, make to themselves gods and goddesses, and learn through the bitterness of disappointment and anguish their "mistake."

How shall it be otherwise! How shall a soul, young, alive, fervent, thrilling with fine sympathies and high resolves, eager to dedicate itself to pure uses and noble service; how shall such a soul, seeking, yearning, striving, not be led into mistake—not be led into believing that which glitters is real gold, into worshipping the false for the true, into heaping its pearls before swine, into pouring its wine and offering its sacrifices at the altars of false gods!

But the mistakes of these are better than that worldly wisdom which is always true to itself.

Those narrow, bigoted, shallow natures, who never pant for larger activity or higher service, will be pretty certain to get on in the dead level of their life without making any great mistakes. The narrow orbit in which they revolve will never much enlarge itself.

But how is any one to grow, develop, ripen, except through expansion, change, experiment, vexation, disappointment, mistake. As in the physical world, so is it not in the moral. The seed develops in perfect, beautiful order into stem and leaf, into bud and blossom and fruit; but it is not so with the human soul. That must ripen under a different process. Through much defeat and failure, through much going astray and return, through much of apparent blight and loss must its juices ripen, and its fruit grow mellow on the branches of life.

Then, oh dear reader! don't be afraid or ashamed of change. If your opinions are worth much, they will probably not be first ones. It was Melancthon made that exhaustive answer to some of his contemporaries who accused him of having altered his views, "Do you think I have lived twenty years and not learned anything." Don't stick to an idea when you have proved it wrong, no matter how firmly you have held it, how fervently you have defended it. Let it go, as the full blossom does the calyx.

People who never change their opinions, who always command one horizon, must of necessity be narrow, cramped, shrivelled. They never make generous mistakes—not they. But what if their whole life should be one long mistake!

Dear reader, we know as well as you that we are only showing one side of the question—that the mistakes of all of us are infinite as the faults and weaknesses of our human nature. We know that we have all committed them—regret, deplors endure to the day of our death. No tears can wholly erase them—no repentance wholly undo them.

"The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back again!"

But there are two ways of looking at our mistakes, as at everything else in life; and who shall say that we haven't a right to look on the bright side of these mistakes, as of every other dark and painful thing.

Who shall say it is our duty to sit down always in the sackcloth and ashes of remorse and regret? Not God—not nature, surely! The evil in life is heavy and hard enough, on all sides it presses on us—that great black sea, whose salt waters wash out the gladness from the years! Most terrible of all, the doubts assail and blind and chill us, and our faith waxes faint, and our hearts grow weak, and our feet stumble, and the stars shine feebly through the night.

But beyond all this we believe they *do* shine. We believe the eternal psalm of joy thunders its silver gladness through the evergreen palms. We believe that we may lay off the mistakes of life that hunt and haunt our footsteps, where we may lay off the garments of our earthly life—at the grave. We believe in the final triumph of light over darkness, of love over hate, of good over evil. Is it wrong then to say, "Take heart?" V. F. T.

### LOCOMOTION AND BREATHING.

A writer in the *Herald of Health*, published in New York City by Dr. Trail, makes the following suggestions which are worthy to be considered. He says:—

If we observe and reflect on our own sensations when *still*, in comparison with those when we are engaged in active motion, walking for instance, we shall perceive not only an increase of breathing and air, inhaled of course, but that this increase is in strict proportion and relation to the degree of our activity. If we walk fast, we breathe faster; if we run, we breathe faster in the degree that our motion is accelerated; when we stand or sit, the rate of breathing is rapidly diminished in consequence of the impetus of locomotion being withdrawn or suspended. This is all apparently indisputable and correct, it may be said. And it is equally true that circulation of the blood, or its velocity of motion, is equally affected, *i. e.*, increased or retarded according to the degree of exercise we indulge in, or as we refrain from it when in a condition of quiescence or stillness. The number of inspirations in either condition of stillness, and moderate and rapid motion, indicate very clearly that the amount of air consumed or breathed, is a very closely relative proportion to the amount of motion or commotion performed. All this, I conceive, goes to establish the fact that air itself is the supporting source of the increase of motion, of circulation, and, as we readily see, of breathing. True, the will directs a more or less rapid contraction and motion of muscle; but this direction would fail to be executed if the required increase of air were not simultaneously inhaled. Thus, all motion and increase of motion, depends upon a sufficiency of air to sustain it. If more motion is made, more air is consumed. If less motion, less air. When motion ceases, so do the inhalation of air, and even organic life itself. I have no intention of here discussing the physiological functions of air, but only of noticing circumstances which indicate and determine the quantity and proportion of air we consume, and its more obvious effects. Our power of motion and locomotion is immediately supported by, and in proportion to the extent or rate of breathing. If we breathe *no* air we make *no* motion; and the measure of our motion is identical with that of our consumption of air. Supposing the foregoing to be admitted, because correct, does it not follow that

animal locomotion, or the power of locomotion, was ordained in the great chain of nature, to both provide and control a sufficient degree of breathing by man, and in all the animal creation below him?

My conclusion is, that the organs and power of locomotion are not given to man and animals for mere purposes of securing food in one place when it may fail in another; for the sake of changing scene to gratify the higher sense; nor for any and all similar purposes alone; but that locomotive power in both man and animals is provided to admit of, secure and control a full and necessary supply of air for the active play of all the functions; to keep and maintain them in vigorous health, equally as much and as necessarily as for those other uses. This seems to be established by the facts that every diminution of natural exercise or of breathing, results in a proportionate reduction of vigor and health; as well as because, on the other hand, the fullest measure of health, vigor and strength, mental, consequent on physical, are ever found in connection with the fullest practicable extent of bodily locomotion. For myself, therefore, I must believe that the power of locomotion is not only the cause of a sufficiency of air being breathed to keep the physical system in vigorous health, but the degree of exertion we are at any time capable of making, is at the same time the measure and gauge of the quantity of air required for our fullest health; and that our ability to take exercise, whether the weather be fair or foul, is the only natural and proper limit to the consumption of fresh air, that a full measure of health inevitably demands and enjoys.

### WASHINGTON.

More than ever before has the capital of our nation become a centre of interest to the people. Anxious hearts throughout all the land turn towards that city, in whose hospitals languish the brave and the dearly beloved; and not so much for its magnificent capitol, for its stately buildings, for its old associations, as for its new, and sad, and tender ones, do pilgrims flock towards it.

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